

YARF!

THE • JOURNAL • OF • APPLIED • ANTHROPOMORPHICS

Special Corruption



"Tigerstripe Amazons"

Monika Livingston

Price List - 1990

Black & White Character Drawings

	<u>9 x 12</u>	<u>11 x 14</u>
<u>Pencils</u>		
One Character	\$10	\$20
Two Characters	\$15	\$20
<u>Inked</u>		
One Character	\$25	\$35
Two Characters	\$30	\$40

(Larger sizes available, price quotes on request.)

Color Character Drawings

	<u>9 x 12</u>	<u>11 x 14</u>
<u>Inked, then colored in</u>		
One or Two Characters	\$45	\$55

Full Color Paintings

On illustration board

9 x 12 to 11 x 14	\$75 & up
12 x 15 to 20 x 30	\$100 & up

(Book & game covers, price quotes on request)

Matting

For drawings & paintings

Up to 11 x 14	\$5 - 10
Up to 20 x 30	\$10 - 25



Name Tags

Small (2 x 3) or large (3 x 4)

Color	\$15 - 45
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Logos

Business & stationary

Copyright included	\$75 - 200
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Air-Brushed T-Shirts & Sweat Shirts

	<u>One Side</u>	<u>Two Sides</u>
<u>T-shirts</u>		
Full Image	\$35 - 45	\$45 - 55
With lettering	add: \$5 - 15	\$10 - 25
Full image on one side, lettering only on other		\$40 - 55
<u>Sweat shirts</u>		
Full Image	\$40 - 50	\$50 - 60
With lettering	add: \$5 - 15	\$10 - 25
Full image on one side, lettering only on other		\$55 - 70

(Price quotes for other wearable items on request)

NOTES

1. T shirts are American made, 50/50 blend. 100% cotton shirts are available on special request.
2. Romantic images are ok, but X-rated erotica is not accepted.
3. Allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery, however, time needed for completion may vary depending upon schedule.
4. A deposit of at least 50% is required before any project is started. Balance due upon completion.
5. Mail orders are accepted: add \$3.00 for shipping & handling.

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YARF! is sold on a per issue rather than a calendar basis.

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Please see the "Flaming Hairballs" column for news of future price changes.

Send all subscriptions and inquiries to:

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Messages: (415) 433-5457

Coming up Next Issue

Extra-large issue!

- "A Gift of Fire" continues Fiction from Waverly Pierre
More "Empires" More art from Monika
Part 2 of David White's "The Star" ...and lots of other good stuff

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Flaming Hairballs

Editorial ramblings and letters of comment from us to you and from you to us.

Once more, we are faced by the task of putting together a magazine, deciding what's going to go where, how to fit everything into 48 pages, choosing the best of what we have, and thinking up clever things for editorial pages. * sigh * We suffer so much.

This time through, we need to address a *slight* problem: the U.S. Postal Service. Seems they're gonna be raising the postal rates soon. What with this, and increased printing costs, guess what we're gonna have to do...

As of November 1 (issue 9), our 8-issue subscription rate will be \$32.00, and our per-issue price will be \$4.00. Existing subscriptions will be honored at the current rate until they expire... back issues of #1 through #8 will cost their cover price.

We regret having to do this, but YARF! will have to be self-sustaining if it is to enjoy the long life we hope for it.

On to more pleasant things...

First, the rumor mill. Word from Hollywood is that Steven Spielberg has been speaking to Andrew Lloyd Weber, and has optioned the phenomenally successful Broadway musical "Cats" for production as an animated film... the name of the animation studio to do the work has not been released, but everyone knows how closely tied Spielberg and Don Bluth are...

Disney insiders have also leaked to the press the next few feature-length animated projects. Included in their early-Nineties lineup are an animated version of "The Prince and the Pauper", and a yet-unnamed project about a young lion who loses his father and is forced to assume the role of King of the Jungle before he's really ready (sound familiar, *Kimba* fans? Do you think Disney's been talking to the Osamu Tezuka estate?)

End rumor mill...

A few questions have come up several times, and we'd like to take this opportunity to respond to them.

1. *What relationship does Susan Van Camp's "Varcel's Vixens" (as seen in YARF!) have to the currently-released comic book "Varcel's Vixens"?*

The material printed in YARF! was a "dry run" ... an early version done to work out the details of layout, story, etc... sort of a "draft copy". It is superseded by the material in the comic book.

2. *What is it with Kris Kreutzman and the recurring "deadline" theme in "Robert & Katrina"?*

Ask Karuki.

3. *How do you do do your binding?*

YARF! is printed on the most advanced, fastest, highest-quality photocopier in the world - the Xerox 5090. This machine does almost anything you could possibly want from a photocopier, including photoscreening and this in-machine glue binding. (No, Xerox didn't pay us to say this. We're just impressed.) Ask your local Kinko's Copies or Alpha-Graphics.

4. *Who should I make my checks payable to?*

Please, please, PLEASE make all checks payable to YARF!. We are officially a not-for-profit small business doing business as YARF!.

5. *Will you just shut up and get on with it?*

Okay, okay (sheesh)...

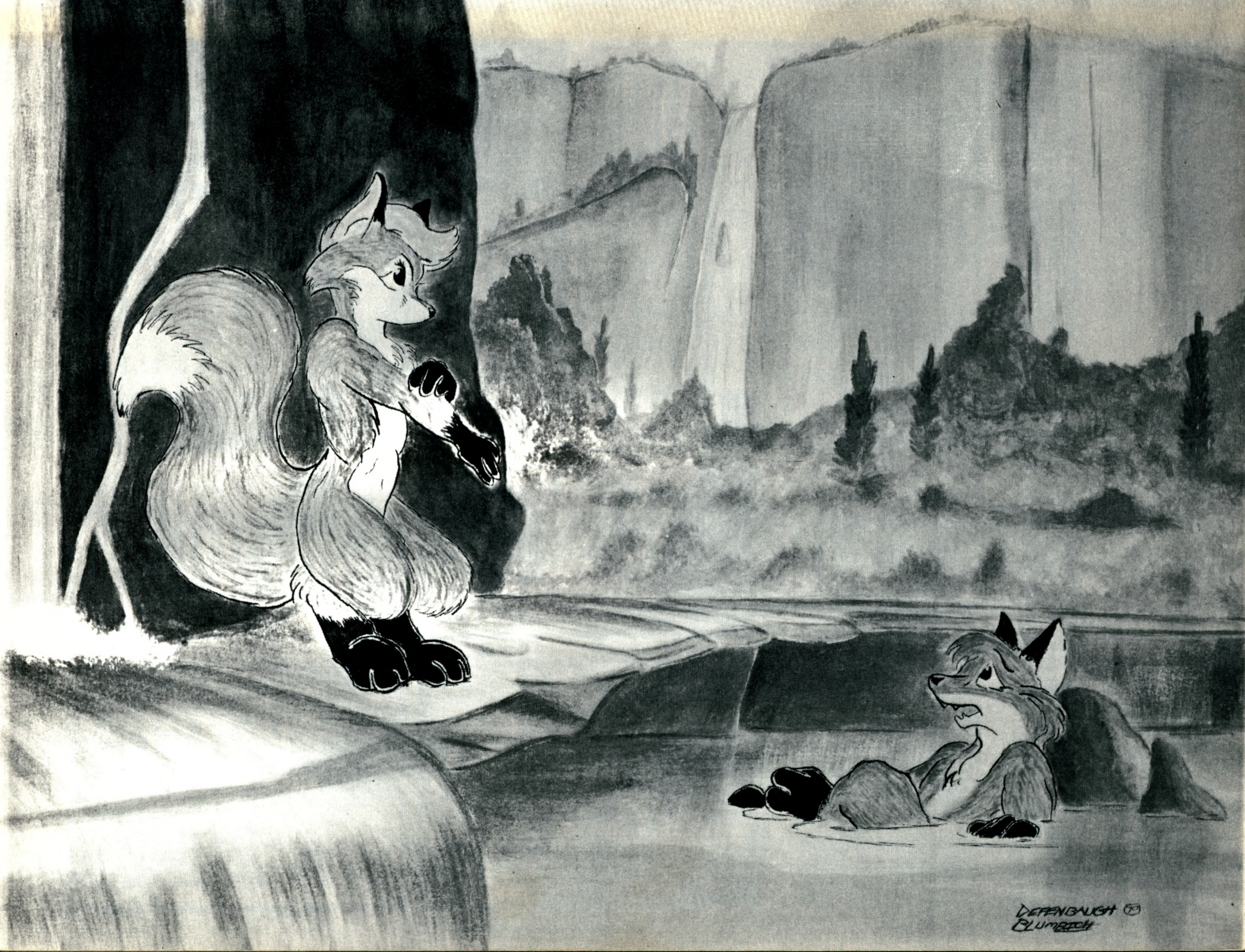
You're gonna like issue #6. A lot. It'll be at least 72 pages, with lots of comics-format material ("Empires", plus a surprise...), high-quality fiction from Waverly Pierre, Watts Martin, and David White, more artwork from our favorite Monika, and all the other good bits. We're doing this for the San Diego Comic Con, where we intend to make as big a splash as possible... look us up in the Dealer's Room, say "hi", BRING SUBMISSIONS.

And, once more, we bring you...

DEADLINES... DEADLINES... DEADLINES...

As always, these deadlines are firm. If you have a submission that is running very close to a deadline, please contact us to work something out... but in general, these are the Days of Reckoning:

- Issue 6, July 28, 1990
- Issue 7, September 8, 1990
- Issue 8, October 20, 1990
- Issue 9 (first \$4.00 issue), December 1, 1990
- Issue 10, January 12, 1991
- Issue 11, February 23, 1991
- Issue 12, April 6, 1991



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BLUMBERG

Patten's Pontifications

Review: Carmen Dog

Reviewed by Fred Patten

Carmen Dog, by Carol Emshwiller. San Francisco, Mercury House, March 1990, 161 pages. Hardcover \$15.95; ISBN 0-916515-70-2. Trade paperback \$9.95; ISBN 0-916515-77-X

Mercury House is strongly promoting this as "a feminist Animal House." It is certainly feminist, but I see closer stylistic parallels with *Pinocchio* and with the classic Italian comic operas. The characters are deliberately histrionic; they posture exaggeratedly; the action takes place in a few locales that are described in the manner of artistically-stylized stage sets. There is the imagery everywhere of opera and of haiku; two very intellectual art forms. Carmen Dog is totally different in mood from the dramatic adventure narrative of Animal House.

Females are changing throughout the world. Female animals are evolving into humans; female humans are devolving into animals. Pooch is a pedigreed golden setter who is the devoted pet of an up[per]-class couple, from whom she has picked up a passion for opera. Pooch finds herself taking on more and more of the household wifely chores, including minding the baby, as her mistress degenerates into a nasty snapping turtle. One day when the master is on a business trip, the mistress becomes too dangerous to stay around. Pooch flees with the baby into the streets of New York City.

The world's men are extremely annoyed. They are sure the females are doing this deliberately just to be contrary, to upset the natural order of male dominance. A doctor gets a government grant to perform electroshock research on the womanized animals. Among those caught and delivered to him are Pooch and the baby. (Pooch had managed to see a performance of Carmen before her capture and is now calling herself Pucci; she dreams of becoming an opera star.) The doctor shocks everyone, including the baby. His assistant is his dumpy wife, Rosemary, who seems kindly but is too passive to restrain him. (Besides, a good wife does not contradict her husband.)

Pucci and the other animal-woman escape. She hopes to find refuge with an operatic impresario, Valdoviccini, but he is, alas, more interested in her for reasons of lust than for her talent. The government decides that woman are more trouble than they are worth. It constructs an Academy of Motherhood on Fifty-seventh Street. "It looks rather like a fortress; indeed, it is a fortress, for no one wants motherhood defenseless in the modern world, or at the mercy of primitive forces. Major stumbling blocks are the mothers themselves. (Perhaps in the future a small monetary reward for mothering might not be out of line.) It is hoped

that, under the aegis of the Academy of Sciences, motherhood will be modernized and mechanized and become a true science." (page 110) Meanwhile, the animal-woman are being gathered into a secret sisterhood, whose leader is none other than Rosemary. To keep the police from seizing Rosemary, many of the animal-woman disguise themselves in Rosemary rubber-masks and frumpy housecoats. The police disguise themselves as Rosemarys to infiltrate the feminist movement. Rosemary advises the woman to disguise themselves as policemen to infiltrate the military-industrial leadership. Soon New York is filled with badly-disguised Rosemarys and policemen rushing about. There is more, but it all ends in a grand climax in which everyone realizes that mankind and womankind should live in harmony as equals — "Neither Conqueror nor Conquered; Neither Victory nor Defeat", as Pooch titles the grand aria in the opera that she writes to commemorate the birth of this new world.

Carmen Dog is full of animal-woman in various stages of hybridization: Chloë, the sexy Siamese cat woman; Mary Ann, the awkward duck(?)/swan(?) woman; Isabel, the murderous wolverine woman; and more. This is a different and a clever novel, but it may be too self-consciously literary and affected for the tastes of the average Furry fan.



Patten's Pontifications

Review: BRIXOI

Reviewed by Fred Patten

BRIXOI, by Tom Foster & Ken Fletcher. Neo-Zagatine Press, April 1990, 100 pages. \$10.00 (incl. postage & handling). Ken Fletcher, 2808 Harriet Ave. South, Minneapolis, MN 55408; Tom Foster, 55 South Alicia, Memphis, TN 38112.

BRIXOI is a Neo-Zagatine publication of exactly 100 8 1/2" x 11" pages, issued simultaneously by Ken Fletcher in Minneapolis and by Tom Foster in Memphis. Ken Fletcher and Tom Foster have been drawing funny animals for years in fanzines, and this is a sampler of their work. Some pages are drawn by Ken Fletcher. Some are drawn by Tom Foster. Some are drawn by both Tom Foster and Ken Fletcher. A lot of the art is brand new, while other pages are reprints of old fanzine covers, personal Christmas cards, convention flyers, and the like, going back to 1982 or 1971 or whenever. (The copyright date on page 31 is 30,00 B.C.)

The book? fanzine? folio? is divided into four sections: The Art of Getting Around; The Cartoon Artist; In Search of Frogsworth; and Miscellaneous Row. But there is no real continuity. BRIXOI is just a collection of (presumably) what Foster & Fletcher consider to be some of their best fanzine funny-animal drawing of the past couple of decades. Funny animals in the past and in the future. Sober and drunken funny animals. Funny animals flying spaceships and driving Model T's. Funny animals playing the piano or washing dishes. Funny animal carpenters and sheriffs and bag ladies and politicians and soldiers and mythological deities. 100 pages of funny animals. An inside-back-cover Afterword refers to this as "the first book of BRIXOI", so maybe there are more coming. I can certainly remember some great funny animal drawings by Fletcher and/or Foster over the past twenty years that are not in this volume, so there is room for more.

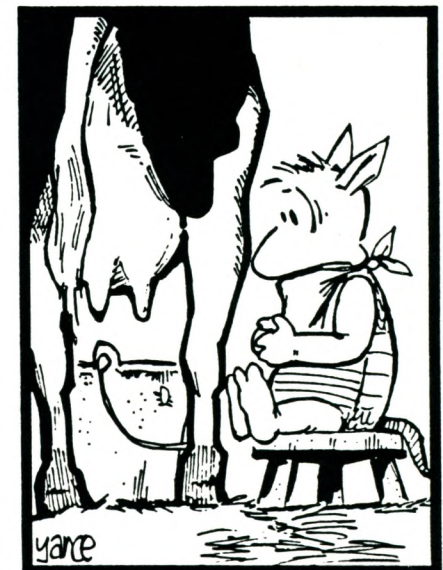
Review: Normal u.s.a.

Do newspaper comic strips such as Berke Breathed's "Bloom County" with a mixed human/anthropomorphic cast qualify for inclusion in an "Anthro Alert" column? If you're willing to stretch a point, you might want to read Normal u.s.a. -chili maneuvers, by Mike Jantze; Los Angeles, Harvest Moon, 1988. Normal began as a comic strip in the Cal State Northridge Daily Sundial in the mid-'80s, but this is a collection of new, unpublished strips that continue the lives

and misadventures of its characters after Jantze graduated and the college paper dropped the strip. (It is part of an as-yet-unsuccessful development of Normal u.s.a. as a regular comic strip that Jantze is submitting to the newspaper syndicates.)

Normal u.s.a. has a mostly human cast, but there are a few delightful fantasy-animal characters, notably A.C., the beer-drinking armadillo whose relation to the protagonists, Norm and Lynn, is halfway between a pet and a self-invited permanent house guest. (He cooks up a mean pot of chili.)

This 200-page self-published book can be found only in "selected shops", or ordered by mail from Michael Jantze, 1931 Ceder Ridge Dr., Unit 50, Stockton, CA 95207. The price is "\$7.50, not including shipping and CA tax." Better play it safe and send \$9.00. ☺





A GIFT OF FIRE, A GIFT OF BLOOD

by Watts Martin
illustrated by Zjonni Perchalski

*Twelve o'clock,
Along the reaches of the street
Held in a lunar synthesis,
Whispering lunar incantations
Dissolve the floors of memory
And all its clear relations,
Its divisions and precisions.*

—T.S. Eliot, "Rhapsody on a Windy Night"

Mika Radgers hadn't wanted to get the little weasel killed, he had just wanted to lose him. It wasn't that Jesse didn't deserve being put away, the cat simply wasn't the type to wish someone dead. It was enough of an effort to go into the bar after he realized just how bad a place it was at night, but he had just enough stupid pride to keep him from closing the door again and hightailing it out of that part of town.

He recognized Jesse as an acquaintance of an acquaintance of someone he didn't like to associate with. Jesse didn't recognize Mika as anything but a potential target. This was bad; the weasel had been accused of everything from murder to rape. If only half of it were true, he wouldn't balk at a simple mugging.

Mika had gone down the alley because he thought it was heading toward familiar parts, and because there were almost no dead ends in the Old City. Unfortunately, when the alley opened up into an abandoned lot surrounded by the backsides of buildings, he couldn't tell which of the dozen alleys leading away would take him where he wanted to go—or if any would. He paused under a streetlamp, still functioning long after the street it stood watch over had been deserted.

The cat's hesitation gave the weasel enough time to close. Jesse wasn't much the speaking type; he just pulled out a long, thin switchblade, flicked it open, and advanced towards Mika. Then he stopped and looked around, as if realizing where he was for the first time, and lowered the blade slightly, his dark eyes showing a slight trace of fear.

Mika looked around at the buildings, suddenly panicked. It was a safe bet Jesse hadn't decided the unarmed cat was a dangerous target. Jesse looked in the direction Mika was looking—the roof of an old slaughterhouse—and in that moment, the cat broke for the nearest alley.

"Hey!" he heard from behind him, followed by the sound of quickly moving feet. He ran faster. "Hey!" the weasel said again. Then the footsteps stopped with a loud whap! and a fur-raising hiss.

Jesse screamed. Once.

Mika thought briefly about turning around, then thought better of it. Then he turned around anyway.

A shadow took up most of the alley where Jesse had been. The cat blinked, and it resolved as a dark shape rising to its feet and folding blackness around itself. Jesse lay against the wall, his own switchblade stuck through his neck. The shape had its hand to the blood flowing from the wound; as Mika watched, it raised its finger to its head. Then it turned slightly, and he got the impression it was looking directly at him. "Oh, fuck," he said, backing away and running down the alleyway twice as fast as before.

He didn't hear anything else until he sprinted into a cross alley and realized he was about to smash into an outstretched hand. He slowed and ducked, but the hand slammed down on his face, forcing him to his knees. He felt another hand move around the back of his head and grab his mane, twisting its claws into the fur and yanking his head back further. The first hand moved away, and he was staring at the stars. Then he was staring at a face.

He had never expected to see a bat, at least not this close; they moved through society without being a part of it, tolerated without being liked and dogged by stories that contained more outrageous superstition than concrete truth—or so said enlightened members of society. None of these enlightened members, Mika realized, had ever stared one in the face.

Its fur was short and reddish-black, its face foxlike with high cheekbones, huge fennec ears and a surprisingly delicate nose. Its long eyelashes and the general cast of its appearance suggested it was female; it would have been pretty but for the long, thin fangs that gleamed slightly in the moonlight and the unreadable, solid ebony eyes.

The hand that had first grabbed him rested itself against his throat. It was slim but strong-looking, tipped with frighteningly long, sharp curved claws that went through his soft fur and pressed into the skin beneath; he could feel the weight of the connected wing sliding against his chest. "What were you doing with him?" the bat asked softly. Her quite female voice was low, of a type Mika usually found attractive. Now he barely noticed it.

"Uh..." he said. It occurred to him that if he didn't answer her she would merely sink those claws all the way in; he tried to pull away, starting to hyperventilate.

"You were one of his friends?" Her voice remained quiet, but she didn't close her mouth as she finished, letting him see the matching lower set of fangs.

"No!" he got out, gasping and shaking his head wildly in her grip.

"He was trying to mug you."

He nodded.

"I thought so," she said, sounding grimly satisfied. She released him and straightened up. He did the same after a moment, backing away slightly.

She stood at five feet, some six inches shorter than he was; her wings were jointed at her wrist and swept down towards her thighs, supported by fingerlike bones longer than her arm. They were closed now, black folds held against her forearms; extended, they might span some fifteen feet. Her body was slim and well-formed. She was wearing a tight, strapless top made out of a material he couldn't recognize and pants barely larger than underwear. Maybe the less clothes you had when flying, the better off you were. Or maybe she was just an exhibitionist; no one he knew would have the nerve to tell her what she could or couldn't wear. If she had been a fox, she would have been pretty, albeit in a slim, athletic sort of way, but Mika wouldn't realize that until some time after the encounter was over. At that moment, all he could think about was how he would feel seeing her swooping down on him from the sky like an eagle after a field mouse. She wouldn't have to kill him when she landed on him; he would have already died from heart failure.

"If you've lied to me to save your neck," she said, flexing her wings slightly, "then when I get a chance I will remove

it from you, as slowly and painfully as possible. Do you understand that?"

He nodded slightly, not trusting himself to say anything without whimpering.

She looked him over slowly with her black-mirror eyes; when they met his own again, they registered humor. "You came to this part of town for a lark, didn't you? You don't have any excitement in your nice, middle-class life, and came looking for some. Is this the first time you've done this, or just the first time you've found it?"

He didn't answer. She laughed; the sound was an eerie hiss that would have made Mika jump if he hadn't been focussing his entire mind on not bolting. "What's your name?"

He looked at her, paralyzed. She smiled unnervingly and stepped closer. "Mika," he blurted.

She abruptly lost interest, turning back towards the alley, where Jesse's body was still visible as a dark lump against one wall. "Well, Mika, try to keep yourself from running away screaming when we part. No one likes cowards. And if you're looking for a little excitement, stay away from people like the weasel. He's killed friends of mine for being in the wrong place at the wrong time, and I've been waiting to return the favor. Being my dinner tonight will be the first good he's ever done for someone else."

"You..." Mika stared blankly.

She looked back, her eyes definitely amused now. "Vampire bats live on blood, kitten. Surely you don't expect me to let him go to waste?"

Mika didn't stay any longer. He managed to keep from running away screaming, but when he made it home he spent the hours until sunrise sitting on the floor in the corner, staring at the door and trembling.

Dahlu never threw bad parties. This one hadn't been an exception to the rule; in fact, it was better than most, still going strong hours after midnight. Mika often spent the night with her after a party was over, but as the evening had worn on he became morose, increasingly impatient with each new conversation someone tried to start, each drinking game that proved a source of endless fascination for the others. Dahlu had, as usual, gotten smashingly drunk. She only permitted herself to do so at her own parties, something that had never struck Mika as odd until now.

She wasn't terribly sorry to see him go. People who weren't having fun at parties were... well, no fun. Her little tabby

cat hadn't been much fun since he came back from his last wander near the docks. Dahlu never liked the idea of these trips, telling him—correctly, he supposed—that aimless wandering was far too dangerous to be a hobby.

As Mika walked away from Dahlu's mansion-like home (actually her parents' house, although they seemed to have effectively stopped living there when she turned seventeen two years ago), he reflected that in the three years he had known her, she had never just walked for the sake of walking. He realized he was wandering aimlessly as he thought, and smiled, correcting his course to head back toward his little apartment.

He had been living there about a year, on the cheapest outskirts of the Northwestern District, the most popular area for young starving artists looking to find themselves. The flat wasn't really his, or it didn't feel like it. It had been bought for him by his parents when he left home. They had helped choose it, help set up things for him—when he was in a darker mood, he suspected they had helped set up Dahlu for him as well.

Instead of going to bed, he pulled a chair up to the one large window and stared out at the near-full moon, sighing. The docks were, somehow, the opposite of everything his life was supposed to be. They were the place respectable people don't go unless necessary, the place where all the rules were forgotten. The place where people like Jesse had lived. And the place he had died.

Mika had learned a little about bats in the last week—all from books. There were no "respectable" bats in society; few people could get used to being around a race that required warm blood to survive. Most bats tended to be loners, and were often outlaws, especially if they lived in large cities. They didn't drink blood often but when they did, they took a lot; they usually left the person alive but in bad shape. A starving bat could drain enough to be fatal to someone their own size. Most bats had given up trying to be part of conventional society, and some were said to enjoy the reputation they had as coldhearted killers—though few of them really were.

Had he found one that was? He didn't think so—but a killer, most certainly.... He thought about what Dahlu would say if she realized he was contemplating heading back to the docks again, and shuddered. She would have been right. Mika fell asleep in the chair, face still turned toward the moon.

The docks were quite a different sight in the daytime. Respectable people still wouldn't come here unless they had to board a ship. Mika thought they were missing something—not just the smells of salt and fish, the sights of the weathered buildings and seedy dockworkers—but a needed experience in life. Or perhaps it was an experience

that he alone needed, filling something that he alone was missing.

Ted's Bar was quiet in the afternoon; the few people in the place sat around the bar and at tables, drinking beer and eating sandwiches and talking in what they considered quiet tones.

The bartender brought him his drink and food, and took his money with only a grunt. As he walked past on his way to another customer, Mika hurriedly swallowed the bite of tasteless sandwich he was chewing on. "Wait," he said. The man, a human who looked like the archetypal pirate down to the bandanna and eyepatch, stopped and turned towards him impatiently. "Uh, are there any bats who come in here?"

"Yes," the man grunted, continuing toward the other customer before Mika spoke again. The next time he came by, though, he stopped and folded his arms on the counter in front of the cat. "You lookin' for a particular bat, or you just wanna tangle with someone who got leather wings?"

"I don't know," Mika said, irritated. "The last time I was here I saw a bat, and I was wondering if you... knew her name or where she was. I don't know if...."

"Right," the man grunted again. "You saw her in here?"

"No. But this is about the only decent place to get a beer at the docks."

"I don't think she care about decent," the man said, his features trying unsuccessfully to register thoughtfulness. "You talkin' 'bout a kind of pretty bat, right? For a furry."

"I don't know if she's pretty, exactly...."

"Yeah, brown fur, with a thick stripe of hair 'tween her ears, right? And gives the feelin' she could just casual-like bite out your spleen if you piss her off?"

"That's her."

He laughed. "Then you right, you don't know. She don't make friends, boy."

"That's not true," a voice said close by. Mika jumped and turned around to see a short, slightly plump fox standing nearby. She appeared to be about ten years older than he was, with a puggy, unattractive muzzle but good-humored eyes. "Revar don't make friends easily, but she makes them. If she's your friend, she's your friend for life. Just know if you make her your enemy, your life's like to be fairly short."

"Right," Mika said, gulping slightly. "Uh. I was just

curious to see if she was from somewhere else or around here. I suppose after... meeting her, I was just perversely curious. That's all." He scooped up his sandwich and paused before standing up. "If you see her, tell her the wimp was asking about her." He quickly left, ignoring the fox's puzzled look.

He spent the rest of the day sitting on the edge of one of the docks, watching the ships and the tide and, as the hours passed, the sun oozing into the sea.

"No, I don't," Dahlu said for the third time. It wasn't her fault that she didn't understand; she was certainly trying to. When she asked Mika where he had been—a reasonable question, considering he had been gone all day and smelled faintly of salt and beer—he had told her. This had been, he decided, a mistake. "You still haven't said why you wanted to talk with her again at all."

"She saved my life," he said.

"If you hadn't been down there in the first place, she wouldn't have had to. And what if she had thought you really were friends with that weasel?"

"She didn't."

"That's not an answer," she said, crossing over to the couch Mika sat on and sliding up against him. "When you go places like that, it worries me."

Mika didn't respond to her attempt at cuddling, instead pulling himself forward, his hands clasped in his lap. "I don't see why. Especially if I go during daylight."

"Well, it just does," she said, her voice rising slightly. Her tail flicked once; Mika sighed and stared resolutely at the carpet. The next time they fought, he knew Dahlu would be able to use this evening as an example of what she called Mika's "muteness," an unwillingness to share private thoughts. He didn't know how to respond to the accusation. Maybe she was right.

"I can't tell what you're thinking when you get like this," Dahlu said suddenly. Mika flinched—that was almost exactly what he had been thinking.

"I'm sorry," he said. She pulled herself a little closer to him, and he put his arm around her, stroking her leg gently. She rested her head on his shoulder, beginning to purr; he fought an urge to sigh again, or to pull away, and continued petting her absently. She nuzzled the side of his neck and traced his leg with two fingers, moving to his inner thigh and caressing in response to his own strokes, but with purpose. Mika was aroused in spite of his mood, returning her nuzzles with his own and sliding his hand

page 10

down Dahlu's back, loosening her shirt and running his fingers through the fur at the base of her spine.

Dahlu moved onto his lap, entwining her legs with his own, and they embraced, hips together. In short order they had stretched out on the couch, their clothes managing to come off in the process, and their embrace became complete.

Several hours later, Dahlu was asleep and Mika was standing outside her door, bathed in moonlight. The lovemaking had seemed to make her forget the "muteness"—or perhaps it was her solution to it. If she couldn't comfort him with words, she could do it with her body. When they said goodnight, she told him he seemed happier than when he had come over. But standing in the cool night air, he felt curiously empty.

The streets in Dahlu's neighborhood were almost deserted, although it was only a few minutes after midnight. As he walked closer towards the city and his own flat, rooted in a low apartment building just inside the official town boundaries, Mika passed only a handful of people, most of them human. None spared him a second glance.

His lock rattled loudly as the tumblers turned, letting the door open on the largest of the two rooms in the apartment. It was really only one room; the wall separating the bedroom from the den/kitchen ended an arm's length below the ceiling, and was barely strong enough to support two unframed posters held to it by tacks. The quarters were described by the building's owners as "cozy," a word Mika translated as "small and badly lit," but it was comfortable enough for one person. Dahlu still talked occasionally of moving in with him—"going out on her own"—but unless her parents forced her out of their mansion, she was no more likely to move in with him here than her parents were to let him move in with her there.

He locked the door behind him, took off his shoes and padded across the shaggy carpet to the kitchen, produced a handful of cookies from a shelf and started a pot of coffee. You still haven't said why you wanted to talk with her again at all. Dammit, I don't know. That's not an answer. No, it isn't, is it?

A soft, slightly hesitant rap came at the door, characteristic of Dahlu. Even the way she knocks on doors is consciously cute, Mika thought wryly. Had it occurred to her, too, that he never answered her question? He still wasn't sure he could answer it for himself. He turned back to the coffee pot and watched its brew cycle intently, hoping that he'd either be able to collect his thoughts for her or she would assume he stopped somewhere on his way back and wasn't home.

The knock came again, slightly louder. He sighed silently,

crossed halfway towards the door, and then sighed again. This time the rap was sharp and unexpectedly violent, accompanied by a very un-Dahlu-like "Wake up, furball!"

He quickly opened the door to find the bat standing there, looking somewhat amused. He sucked in his breath sharply—which seemed to amuse her more—and stepped back.

"You were looking for me?" she said, raising her eyebrows. Her tone made it a rhetorical question. "You're not a very observant kitten, are you?"

Mika swallowed, trying to find his voice again. "How...."

"...did I find you? I've been following you since sunset—Mika, right? You've been so busy looking down that you never looked up." She looked behind him into the apartment. "Nice place, although not as pretty as where your girl lives. She's pretty, too. Too bad she's a pastahead."

"She is not stupid," Mika said, irritation momentarily replacing nervousness. The bat shrugged, flashing a maddening half-smile. "What do you want?"

"What do I want? You tell me. If it wasn't for you going around asking about me today, we'd probably have never met again. So. Am I going to keep standing outside?" Mika stepped back a little and hesitated. "If you're worried I'm going to kill you, too, I could do it from here with no problem," she said levelly. "If I were you, I wouldn't trust me either, but be realistic. I'd probably have already killed you if I wanted to, but if I'm going to do it later this evening, it might as well be in the comfort of your own home." She stepped inside; after a heartbeat's pause, Mika locked the door behind her. She crossed to one of the two beanbag chairs and carefully stretched into it, holding her wings up and slightly open until she was settled, then folding them around her like a cloak. Her bright black eyes remained on Mika, who sat down on the floor across from her, his back against the wall. "You draw?" she asked.

He looked around, confused, before he realized she was looking past him at an open sketchbook on his drawing table, the half-finished picture of a boat coming into the docks clearly visible from her position. "I try." He reached up and closed the sketchbook, dropping it behind the table.

"You're fairly good. So, why did you want to talk to me again?" she said.

Mika stared at her for a moment, then laughed nervously, looking away. "That's what Dahlu asked, too. I...." He looked back at her; her mirror eyes still seemed to be focussed on his face. Or maybe your neck, a small voice said in the back of his mind. He coughed. "I didn't thank you for saving me."

"I probably only saved your wallet," she replied. "And you know as well as I do that it was incidental to killing Jesse."

"You didn't have to kill him."

"No, I didn't." She folded her arms across her chest and leaned back in the beanbag. "I wanted to." She sat up slightly. "Are you making coffee?"

"Uh. Yes." He stood up and went over to the coffee pot; walking in a straight line seemed to require a lot more concentration than it should. What had the fox said her name was? Revar. He poured a mug for himself and looked back at the bat; her enigmatic eyes were still locked on him. He poured another mug, and she smiled, this time not showing any more of her impressive teeth than necessary.

When he handed her the mug, she immediately took a swallow, then nodded appreciatively. "You want to know why I killed him, don't you?" she said.

Mika froze for an instant, then shook himself. "No."

"Then what? I haven't given you any reason to like me. In fact, I think I scare the hell out of you."

He stiffened, staring at her, then looked down. "Yes, I suppose you do. I mean—God, you stabbed him in the throat."

"Does that bother you?" She held up one hand, her wing rustling against the beanbag. "I could have ripped it out with my claws. Or held him down and bit it out."

He shuddered. "Bats don't have to kill for blood."

"We have to take it from living creatures. We just don't have to take it from other sapients." She took another sip of coffee. "There aren't many bats in this city, Mika. Most don't live in cities at all. We don't have to kill people to live, but nothing we take blood from gives it voluntarily."

"If—if you didn't have to kill him—"

"I already told you, I wanted to. I don't know how much you knew about that weasel; he had two other friends who ran an extortion racket for him. Very small, very unprofessional, and very nasty operation."

"There used to be some more bats on the waterfront. People there look the other way if you nab a derelict, as long as he wakes up the next morning. A few months ago, a friend of mine had found one—you know, you're looking distinctly ill."

"I don't like blood," Mika said. She laughed. "Go on," he said, sighing.

"Anyway, she was one of the few bats I know of who could feed on someone without waking them up. But this time, she got someone that Jesse and his pals had decided they wanted to beat up first. They didn't like the fact that he was too weak after her feeding to be properly terrorized, so they got some brass pipes and went after her instead. She'll probably never fly again; when her leg healed enough so she could walk, she left. A bat without wings is a target for people like you; I'd be surprised if she's still alive now."

"Did you kill the other two?"

She nodded slowly; Mika shuddered, then looked at her sharply. "What do you mean, 'people like me?'"

"If I was caught in a neighborhood like your pretty girlfriend's, I'd be in jail. It wouldn't matter if I had done anything or not. To the world you're from, I'm committing a crime just by being a bat. Living near the docks makes me double-damned."

"You don't know what I think," he protested. "All you know about me is my name, where I live, and whatever you picked up by eavesdropping on Dahlu and me. And you have absolutely no right to insult her!"

"Ooooh," she said, setting down her coffee. "Now's where you tell me to stay away from her or you'll kill me, right?"

"Should I have to worry about that?"

"No. I don't terrorize people through others. And even if she's not sexually innocent, I think your little fluffball is far too innocent in most other respects for me to be bothered by."

"Dammit, how much did you hear?"

Revar laughed again. "Very little. Only your greeting, and your farewell. From your greeting, I'd say something was wrong between you. From your farewell, I'd say you had sex, that it didn't resolve the problem—you still looked upset—but she was happy, because she thinks that sweeping problems under the bedcovers makes them go away."

"I didn't ask you what you thought," Mika snarled in a tone that made the bat blink. Then her eyes narrowed and she leaned forward.

"Yes, you did," she said in a dangerously flat tone. "If you don't like my answers, too damn bad, kitten. What the hell is it you want from me? You don't want to know my lifestyle. You don't want to talk to me. You don't act like you want to sleep with me. You want to be the hero and
page 12

bring me to justice?"

"No—"

"You've decided to commit suicide, and instead of cutting your wrists or jumping off a bridge, you're going to piss me off enough that I rip your throat out. If that's what you're after, just ask. I've done it before."

"No, dammit," Mika sighed. "What do you mean, you've done it before?"

"A few people have asked me to kill them in the past. They wanted to off themselves but were too chickenshit, or maybe they just thought it was an interesting way to go."

"And you did it? You didn't try to talk them out of it?"

"Most people aren't any more willing to listen to what I have to say than you are. And if they're going to be stupid enough to suicide, at least their deaths can be of some use to me instead of completely pointless."

"God." Mika looked away, then picked up his coffee and drained it. "I'm sorry for snapping at you. But what goes on between Dahlu and me is my business."

"Granted."

Her eyes showed none of the sarcasm dripping from her tone, but they reflected the room's single lantern as a glowing red point in each pupil. Mika cleared his throat. "Do you want more coffee?"

"Thanks," she said, immediately holding out her empty mug.

Mika divided the rest of the pot between the two cups, studying Revar as he did so. She was no more clothed than she had been the last time they had met, wearing short black pants, almost hidden in her chocolate-colored fur, and a dark red halter top whose straps were tied in the front, rather than being one piece. He realized she wouldn't be able to put a normal halter on around her wings; in fact, if her wings were anchored to her torso, how was she wearing a top at all? He shook his head and brought the mug out to her, looking over her shoulder as she took it. The wings were surprisingly soft-looking, and fell from the entire length of her arms in a flap, merging with her back near the base of her spine. The upper half of her torso was normal—if muscled far more powerfully than any other 'morph he had seen.

She looked up, following his gaze. "If I lean forward, you can get a better view of my butt," she said acidly.

"I wasn't trying. Sorry," he said. "I was looking at your

wings." He sat down again, this time in the second bean-bag a few feet away from her.

"Oh." She nestled down in the chair and appeared to examine him, as if Mika was as much an enigma to her as she was to him. "So now what?"

"I don't know." He looked into his mug. "I don't really know why I wanted to see you again. Hell, you threatened to kill me and then called me a coward for being scared of you."

"So you wanted to face me to prove to yourself I was wrong." He looked up, but the expected mocking expression was absent.

"Maybe."

"At least you're honest. Most people would rather be lying cowards. It's much easier."

"I don't think being scared of you makes me a coward, Revar." Her big ears pricked up slightly at her name. "I think you like being intimidating."

She hissed her laugh again. "Sometimes."

"But not always?"

She looked down, her smile fading. "If I walk into a bar, everyone stops talking and stares. When I sit down, they move away from me. Sometimes I can't even get a drink, because the bartender refuses to come within arm's length."

"That's not surprising. I wouldn't have come that close voluntarily, either."

Revar snapped her head up at him, eyes filled with venom. He fought the urge to jump back; unexpectedly, she dropped her eyes again. "I know," she sighed, setting her mug on the floor. "Nobody will."

"When your fluffball was a kitten, I was the villain in the bedtime stories her mother lulled her to sleep with. If someone dares to become friends with me, people tell him it's a death sentence. Bats can't be trusted; when they get hungry, they'll take whoever's nearest. Just ask anyone who isn't a bat."

"Being able to fly is incredible—soaring on a strong wind under a full moon, being able to go in a night to places other creatures couldn't make in a week on horseback—it's the most beautiful gift anyone could have. But sometimes I wonder if living as a nightmare come true is too steep a price." Revar finished in a whisper, head downward, one hand playing idly with the carpet.

Mika leaned toward her, searching for something to say. She raised her head, a half-smile on her mouth. "So, yes, I enjoy being intimidating. Sometimes it's all I have."

"You make it sound like you don't have any friends," he said softly.

"There's Orlonda, I guess. She's the fox you met...." She shrugged, sitting up suddenly and downing the rest of her coffee. "Well, I'm sure you have to be up in the morning. You must do something for a living besides draw."

"Run a printing press. But it's in the afternoon, part-time."

"I've only been up a few hours, and I haven't eaten yet. So I'm going to take leave of you, kitten." She stood up and stretched her arms, her wings partly unfolding to resemble a cloak tied at her wrists.

"What can you get after midnight?"

"There are places open all night downtown. I don't know. Some donuts, waffles, maybe a small child." She grinned evilly.

Mika smiled uncertainly as he got up and unlocked the door for her; a damp breeze blew in as it swung open. "Well. Goodnight."

She stopped, standing next to him in the doorway, and cocked her head to one side. "Yes, it is." She grabbed his right hand with hers, holding it in a disconcertingly firm grip, and looked down. "If you ever... want to talk to someone and can't get anyone else, look me up."

"How can I find you?"

She stroked his arm briefly with her other hand, her long claws sending a buzz up its length, then let go, her mocking smile returning. "Don't worry about that. I'll find you." She stepped outside and gently closed the door.

Mika stood by the door a moment longer, then locked it, drew the shades shut on the window, stripped and fell into bed. As he turned off the lantern, an image of Revar holding a donut in one hand and a cute baby fox screaming for its mother in the other formed in his mind; the dream bat downed the donut in three bites, then raised the struggling kit to her mouth. He willed the scene away, then drew the covers over his head, burying his face in the pillow. ☹

to be continued.

IT'S THE MIDDLE OF JUNE, IN THE MIDDLE OF A DROUGHT, I'M BEING TOLD TO STAND OUTSIDE IN THE SUN FOR SEVERAL HOURS, WEARING DARK CLOTHES, AFTER WHICH I WILL BE GIVEN A PIECE OF PAPER I'VE BEEN WORKING MOST OF FIVE YEARS FOR, FOR WHICH I AM TO BE SUPREHELY GRATEFUL AND COHERENT ENOUGH NOT TO COLLAPSE OF HEAT STROKE OR MAKE MUCH OF A FOOL OF MYSELF IN FRONT OF RELATIVES FLOWN OVER FROM HAWAII, WHO EXPECT THE WORLD OF ME, NOW THAT I AM SUPPOSEDLY

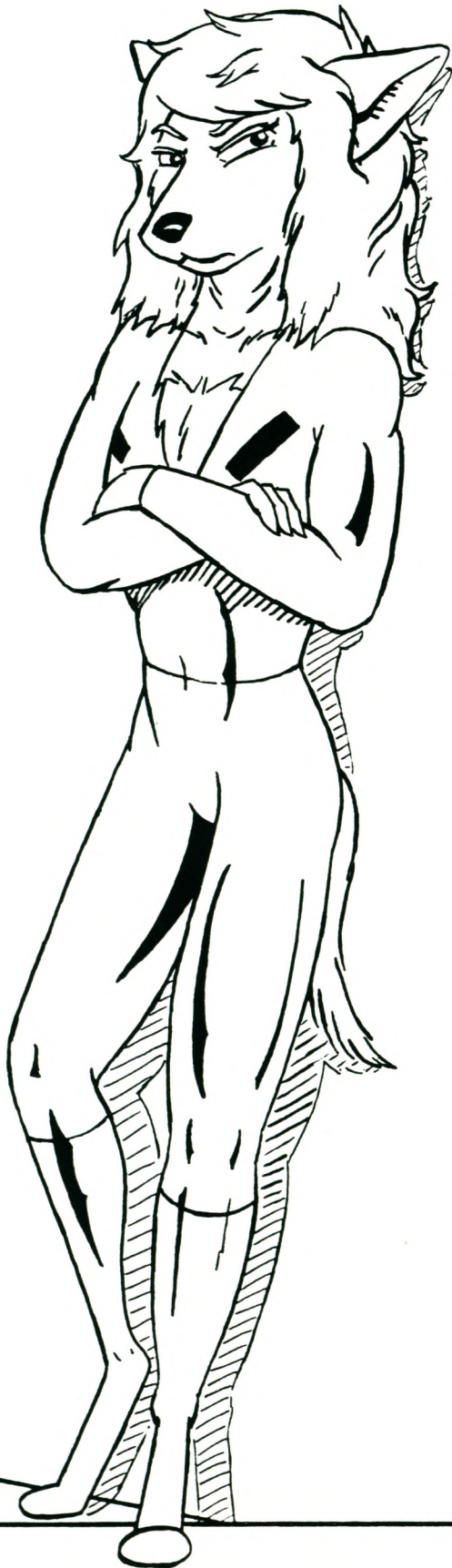


READY TO FACE THE 'REAL WORLD', BEING A GRADUATE OF A COLLEGE FOUNDED BY A GRANT FROM A TOILET-PAPER COMPANY, AND THEREFORE ASSUMED TO BE COMPETENT IN MY CHOSEN FIELD OF COMPUTER AND INFORMATION SCIENCE, IN WHICH I SPENT A FULL FOUR MONTHS ACTUALLY DECLARED AS A C.I.S. MAJOR, THE OTHER FOUR YEARS SPENT AVOIDING WORK, RESPONSIBILITY, COMMITMENT, AND TAKING ANY ENGLISH CLASSES, SO THAT I STILL HAVE AN EXCUSE FOR PRODUCING SUCH DRIVEL AS A ONE-HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-SEVEN* WORD RUN-ON SENTENCE...

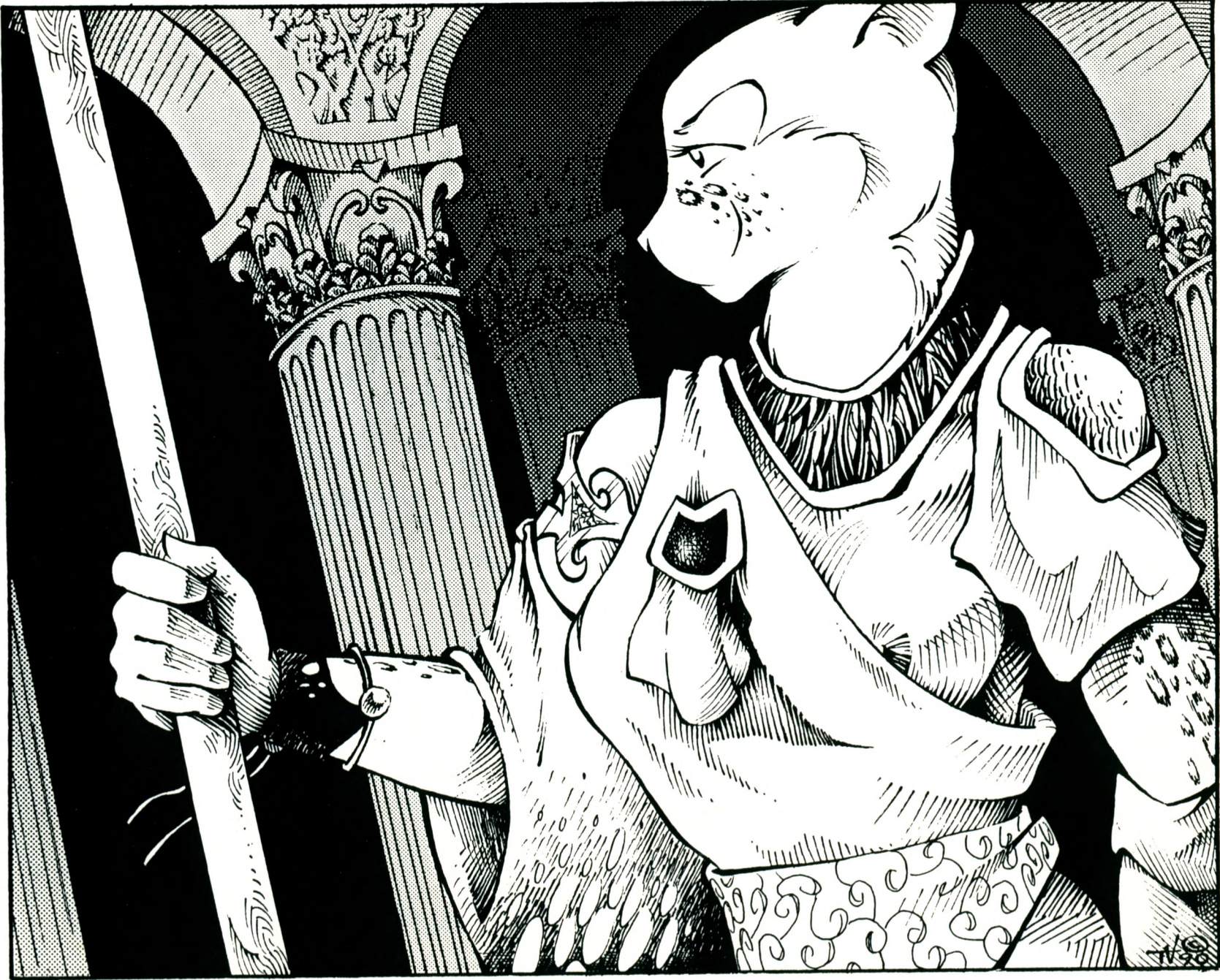
... THIS IS SOME SORT OF SICK JOKE, RIGHT?
(SO, WHAT'S THE PUNCHLINE?)

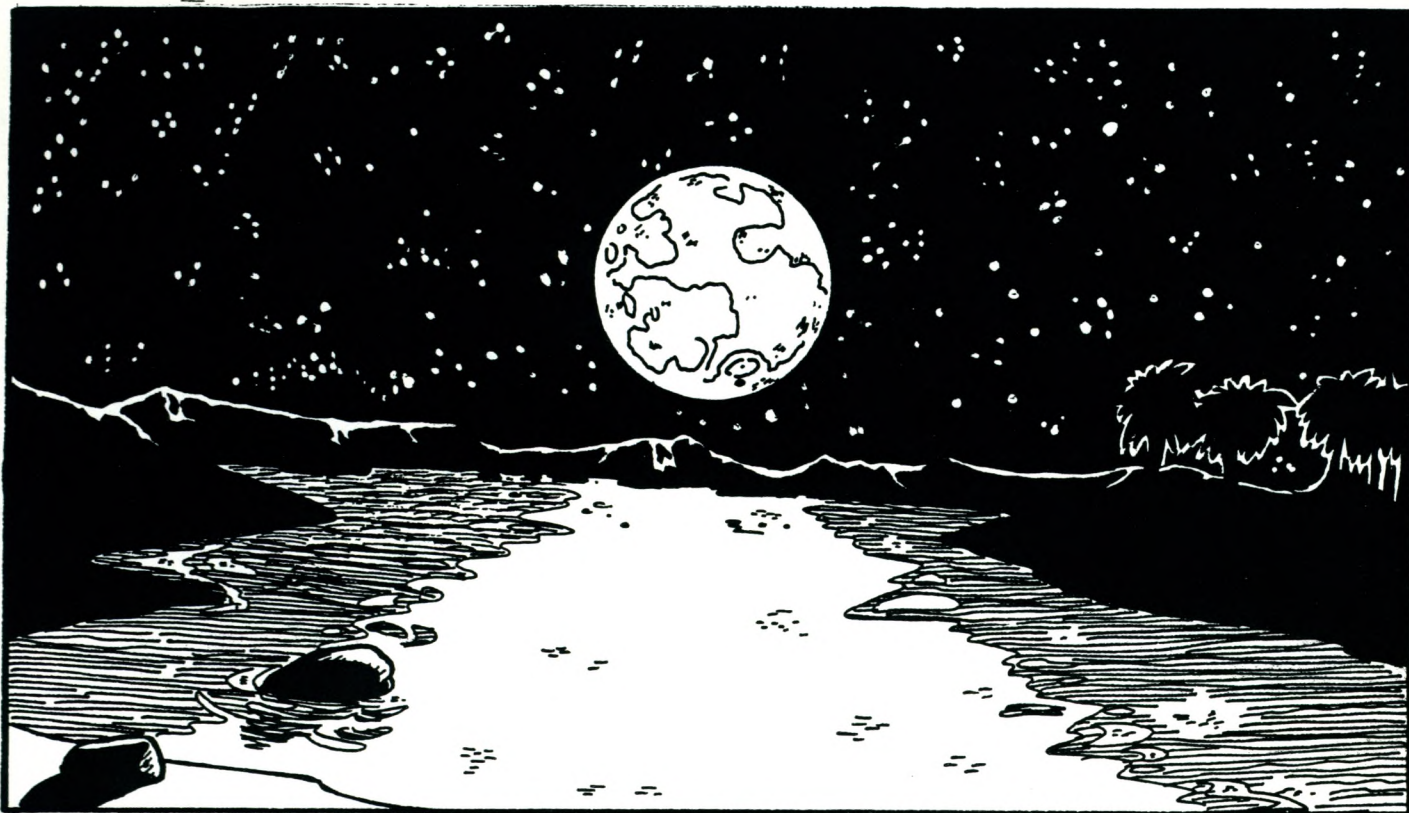
* WHAT, YOU WANT TO COUNT THEM ALL, OR SOMETHING?
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FOOD BAZAAR



**NO
DOGS
ALLOWED**



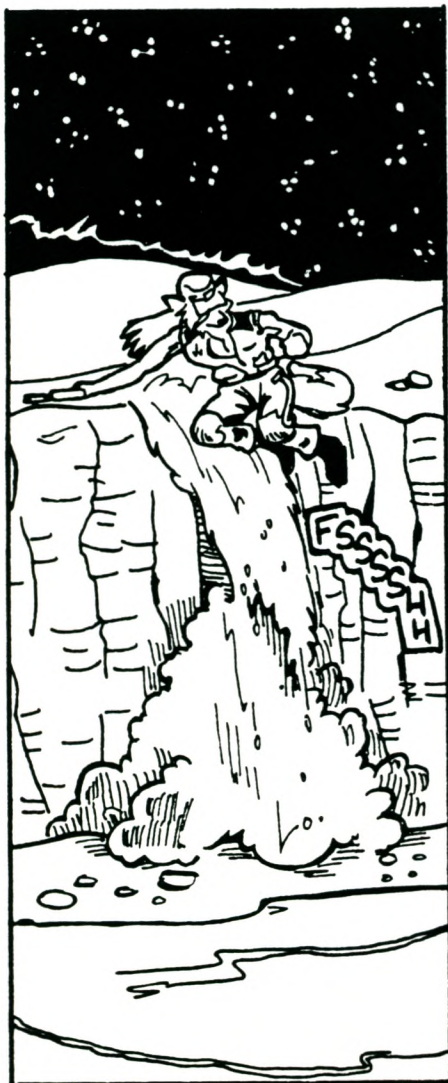
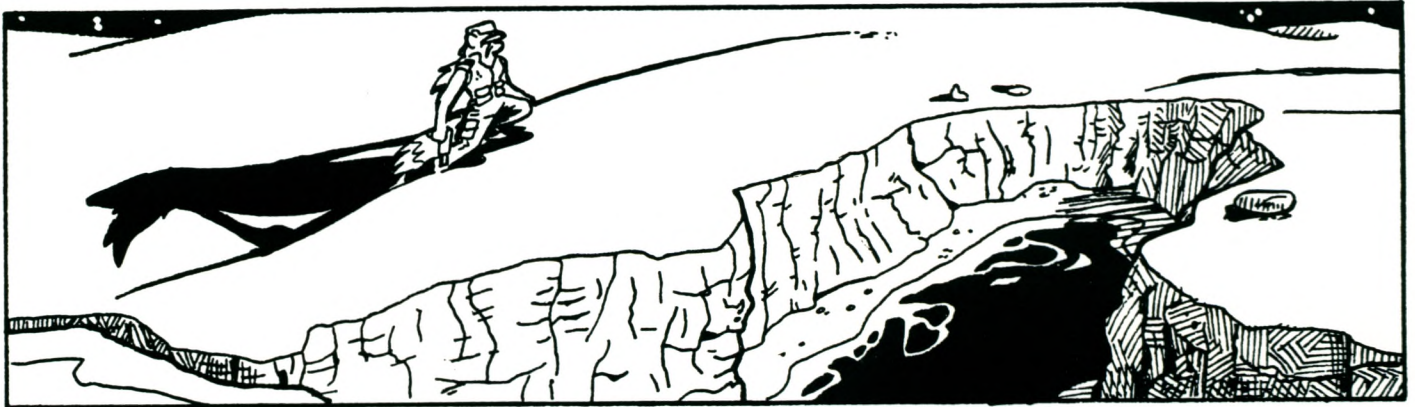


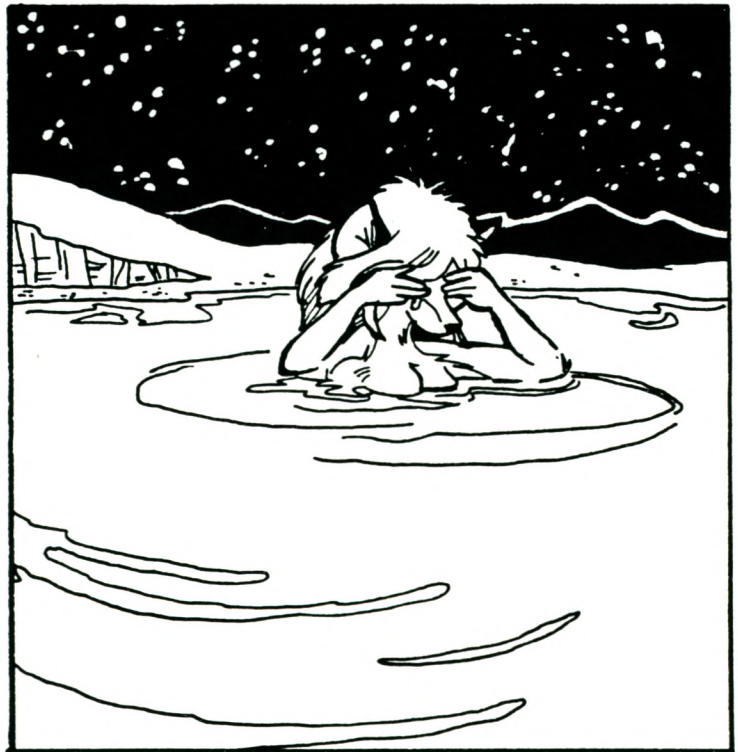
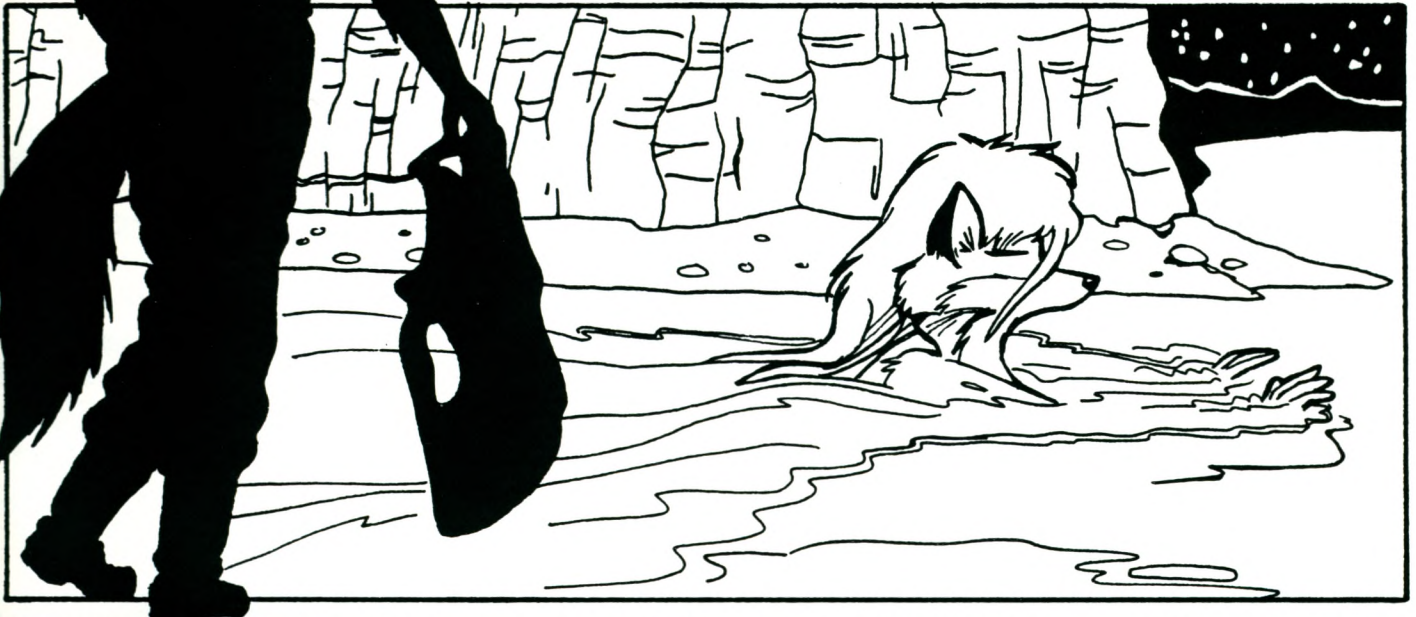
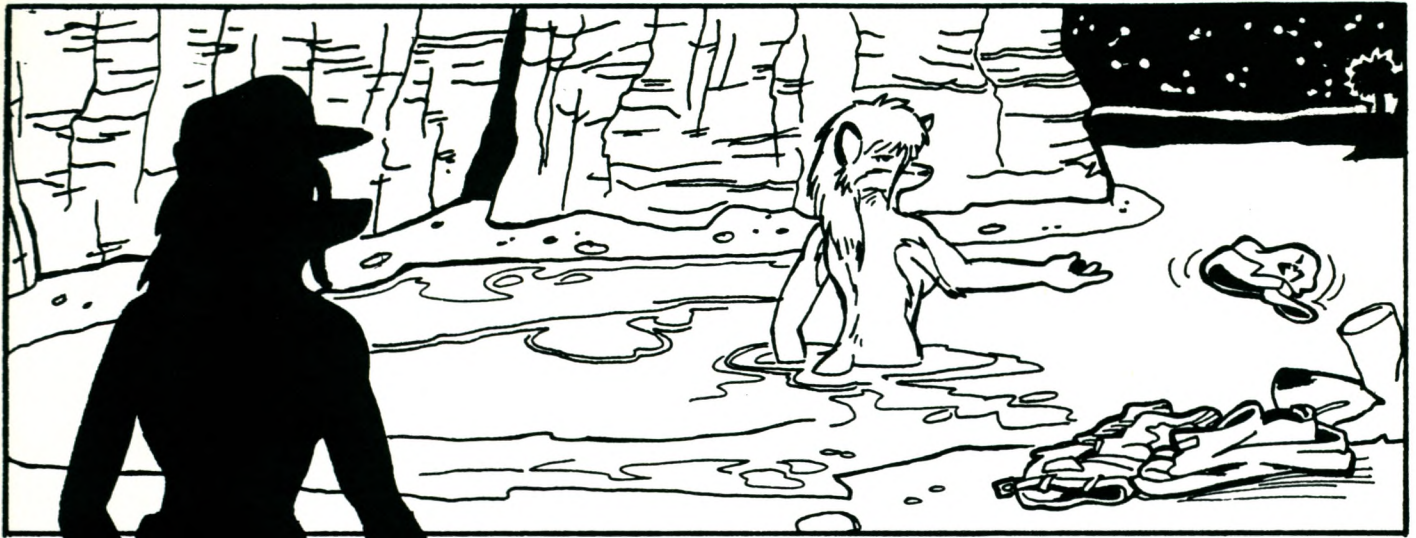
EMPIRES

STORY AND PENCILS: CHRIS GRANT

INKS AND LETTERING: DAN FLAIVE









Morrigan's War

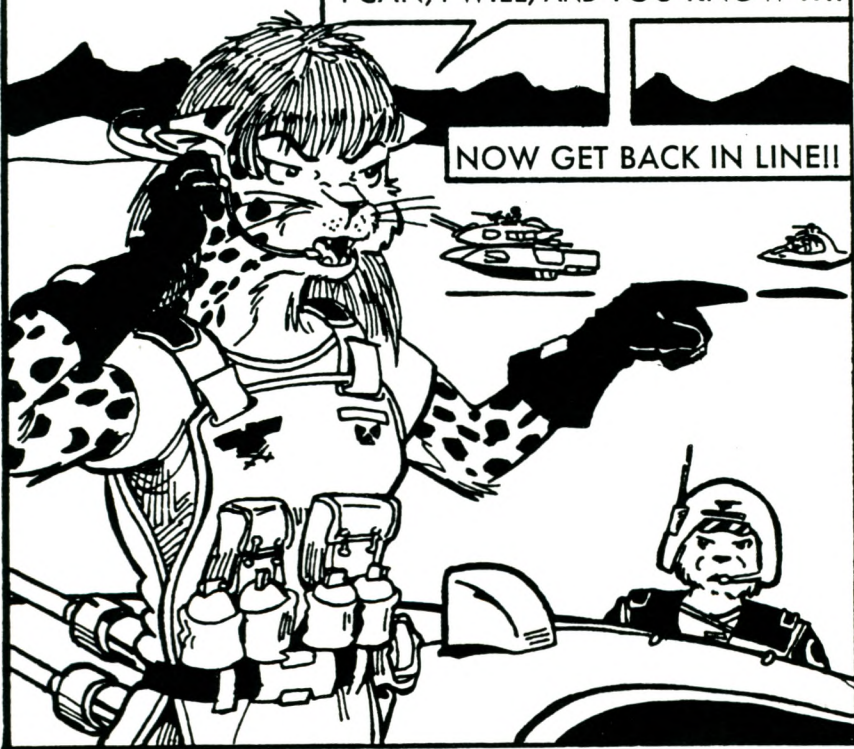
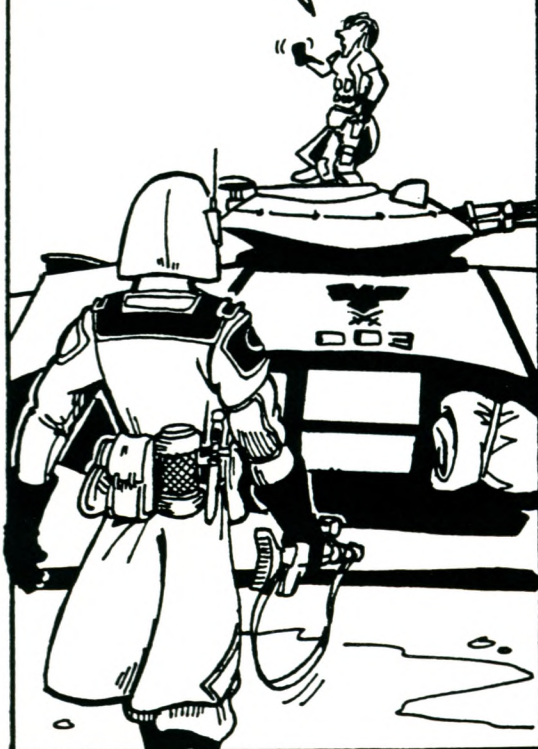


1030 HOURS, ALTERDAY...TWO DAYS AFTER THE IMPERIAL OFFENSIVE.

CAPTAIN LEFEYETTE MORIGAN, OF THE 83rd SCOUTS-RECON COMPANY, IS IN CHARGE OF SEEKING OUT, AND DESTROYING ENEMY SURVIVORS BEHIND IMPERIAL LINES.

DOLTS! I SAID SECOND PLATOON WEST, NOT FIRST!

IF YOU'RE THAT INCOMPETENT, TELL ME NOW AND I'LL DRIVE THAT TANK MYSELF! I CAN, I WILL, AND YOU KNOW IT!!



NOW GET BACK IN LINE!!



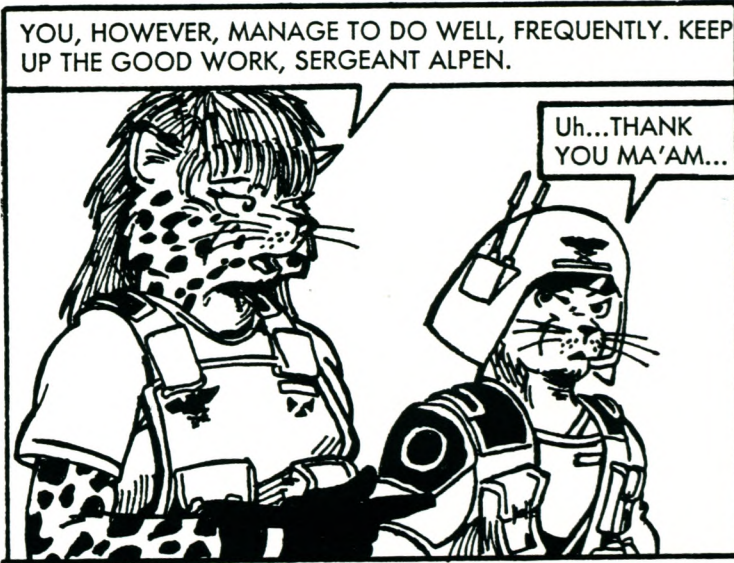
...IDIOTS...

YES SERGEANT?

MA'AM, R'PORTS ARE IN FROM THIRD PLATOON, THEY'RE AT THE RESERVOIR NOW. FOURTH IS PATROLLING THE RIVER, AND FIFTH AND SIXTH ARE REACHING THE HILLS AS WELL.



Hm. SO NOT EVERYONE IN THIS COMPANY IS A HALF-WIT, ONLY SOME OF THEM.



YOU, HOWEVER, MANAGE TO DO WELL, FREQUENTLY. KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK, SERGEANT ALPEN.

Uh...THANK YOU MA'AM...



THANK ME BY CONTINUING TO DO YOUR JOB.

YES'M



Uhh... MA'AM? MAY I ASK WHAT WE'RE GONNA DO NOW?

WE ARE GOING TO WAIT RIGHT HERE, SERGEANT. THIS IS HALFWAY BETWEEN THE OASIS AND THE TOWN: I BELIEVE OUR PREY LIES IN ONE OF THOSE LOCALES.

THE TOWN, MA'AM....



OF COURSE! THESE COLONIAL SCUM ARE TRAITORS TO THE EMPIRE! THE CENTRAL ALLIANCE IS THEIR "MIGHTY SAVIOR"!

THEY WOULDN'T THINK TWICE ABOUT GIVING SANCTUARY TO A CENTRALITY TANK CREW!



IT'S BEEN CONFIRMED, MA'AM? A CENTRALITY TANK CREW?

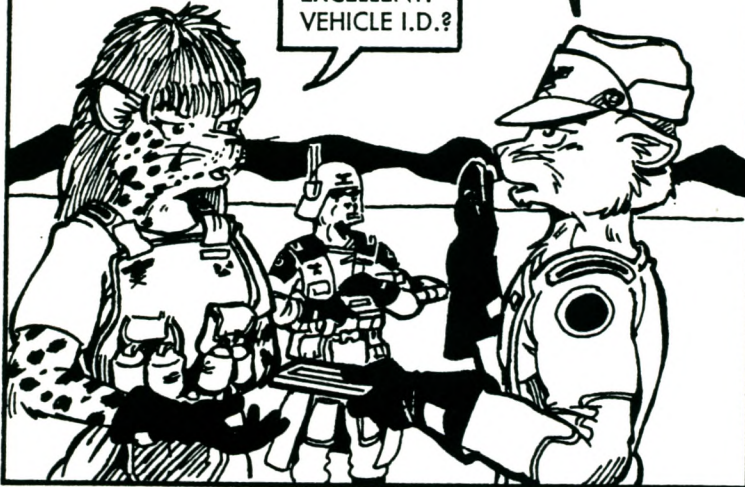
WHAT ELSE COULD IT BE? THEY TOOK REPLACEMENT PARTS AND AMMO FOR A STANDARD "LEOPARD" CLASS MBT. RATIONS FOR A CREW OF FOUR. A SET OF A'KII ARMOR. THE ONLY A'KII IN THEIR ARMY IS INFANTRY. SO, THERE'S A TANK CREW, PLUS ONE 'QUADDIE' GROUND-POUNDER.



CAPTAIN MORRIGAN...!

MA'AM! REPORT FROM FOURTH PLATOON! THEY HAVE ENCOUNTERED AN ENEMY VEHICLE AND ARE PURSUING WITH INTENT TO DESTROY!

EXCELLENT!
VEHICLE I.D.?



"YES MA'AM. MARAUDER CLASS FAST ATTACK VEHICLE"

NO TANK?

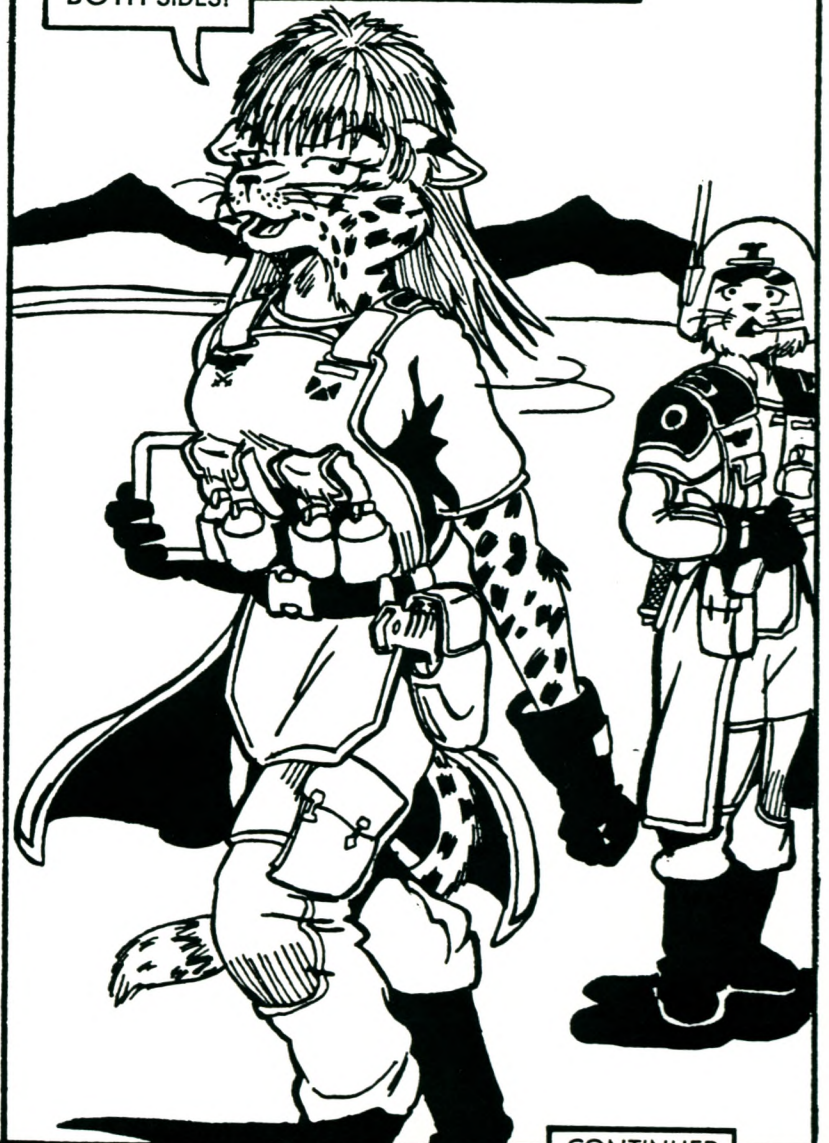
"NO, MA'AM"



HeHeh... VERY WELL THEN. THANK YOU, PRIVATE. DISMISSED.



HA! SERGEANT ALPEN, THIS BATTLE MAY VERY WELL WIPE OUT SOME OF THE VERMIN ON BOTH SIDES!



WELL! SEEMS OUR ILLUSTRIOUS AND INFALLIBLE FIELD MARSHALL HAS ALLOWED MORE THAN ONE TO SLIP THROUGH HIS FUMBLING CLAWS... AND SECTOR COMMAND LOVES MAKING "EXAMPLES" OF STUPID FIELD-MARSHALLS...



So How Much Does She Weigh...?

An Essay by Dave Bryant

"So how tall is she?"

"Uh, around six feet. Six-one, I guess."

"Hmm, okay. How much does she weigh?"

"I don't know. I'm not sure how to figure it. A hundred and fifty pounds, maybe?"

"That's pretty skinny for a female bear-type furry."

"Okay, smartaleck, you tell me."

"Well, I don't know how to, either..."

• • •

A lot of artists, writers and gamers have trouble determining just how big (or small) a character is. Diet books and the like are little help; most of them are outdated, don't take into account individual physiques, or are just plain wrong. The commonest difficulty seems to be a lack of understanding of the fact that size goes up as the cube of height. Many height-weight seem to be linear or nearly so.

However, with a basic understanding of biology, physics and algebra, it's not that difficult to derive an equation that will quickly and easily help to complete the physical information needed to round out a character.

Such an equation is detailed below, along with an explanation and tips on its use. Some familiarity with the metric system and algebra, along with a calculator and a given character's height and approximate build, are highly recommended.

$$M = \frac{H^3 D}{B}$$

Where : M = mass of character in kilograms
H = height of character in decimeters
D = average tissue density of character in kilograms per liter
B = build factor of character.

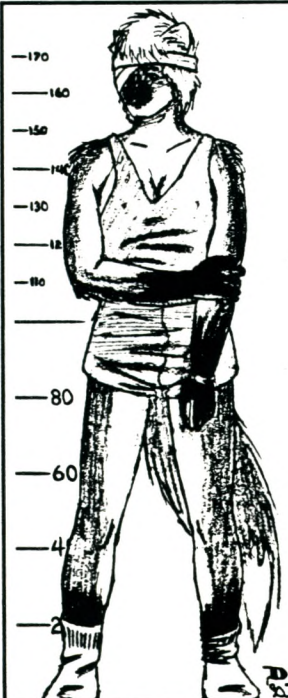
Each of these variables is explained in the following sections.

MASS

The character's body mass is expressed in kilograms. To convert from the English system, multiply pounds of weight by 0.454 (0.453592 to be more exact) to get kilograms of mass. In the other direction, multiply kilos by 2.2 (2.20462) to get pounds.

The mass of an object does not change, regardless of local gravity; a 75-kg person will mass that amount in freefall as well as on Earth or a heavy gravity world. Weight, however, does vary with local gravity. That same person weighs about 165 pounds on Earth, but nearly nothing in interstellar space. On a 2.5G planet, that weight would increase to around 413 pounds. For most purposes, though, conversions between pounds and kilograms are made under the assumption that a character's weight is measured in 1G of gravity (Earth's sea level).

For the curious: The metric system measures weight in newtons. A newton is defined as the amount of force needed to accelerate one kilogram of mass one meter per



$M = \frac{H^3 D}{B}$
 $M = \frac{17.6^3 \cdot 1.03}{100}$
 $M = \frac{5451.776 \cdot 1.03}{100}$
 $M = \frac{5615.3293}{100}$
 $M = 56 \text{ kg (approx.)}$

Foxylox ALF-PCC-98/125
Height = 176 cm; Build = 100
Estimated Tissue Density = 1.03

second, per second. In 1G gravity, one kilogram weighs 9.8 newtons; one pound is equal to 4.45 (4.4452016) newtons. (Aren't you glad you asked?)

HEIGHT

The character's body height is measured in decimeters. A decimeter is ten centimeters, or one tenth of a meter. If the character's height is given in inches, multiply by 0.254 to get decimeters; if height is in feet, multiply by 3.048. Multiply decimeters by 3.937 to get inches or by 0.33 (0.32808) to get feet.

Of course, an individual's height changes slightly during the course of the day, being tallest just after getting up in the morning and shortest just before retiring in the evening. (The spine stretches during the night, when lying down, and compresses during the day, when standing or sitting for the most part.) Needless to say, it is the character's average height that is used.

TISSUE DENSITY

The character's tissue density is measured in kilograms per liter. A liter is the volume of space contained in a cube ten centimeters (one decimeter) on a side. Fresh water has a density of one kg / liter and, because living tissue is mostly water, most living beings have a density of about one.

This is the most difficult figure to define, because so little readily accessible information exists. Fat has a density significantly less than one; muscle tissue's density is slightly over one. Two people who mass exactly the same, therefore, might be noticeably different in bulk because their bodies' fat-to-muscle ratios might be different. As a rule of thumb, though, few if any people vary from one by more

than one-tenth of a point (0.9 to 1.1).

BUILD

The character's build, or overall bulk, is measured by an arbitrary number; the higher the number, the thinner the character is. An average male human's build factor is about 70; an average human female build factor is around 80. For unusually tall persons, the build factor will be slightly higher, while the opposite is true for unusually short individuals. Average height for most Westerners is 173cm (5' 8") for males and 163cm (5' 4") for females.

Build factor will for the most part vary between 50 and 100, though values up to ten points outside this range are not unknown. (Significantly more extreme numbers are virtually impossible for humans to achieve and survive for any length of time.) A person will appear to be of roughly average build if his or her build falls within five points or so of the appropriate average value given above; if build factor is five to fifteen points away from average, the individual will seem chubby, athletic or slender, depending on whether the build factor is higher or lower than average. Build factors more than fifteen points from average will look fat, musclebound or thin.

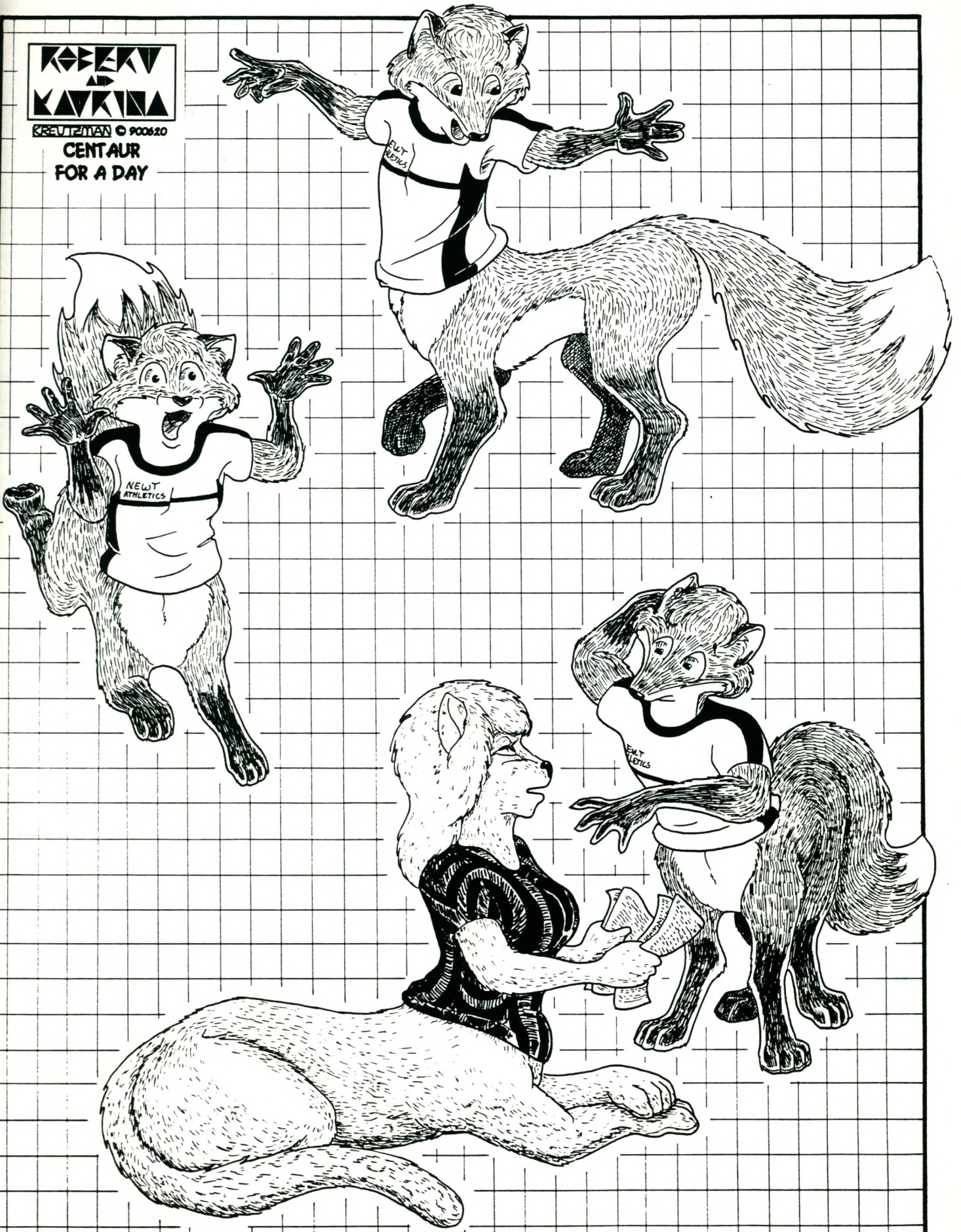
Important caveats: The values discussed above are for humans; other values must be developed for non-humans that differ significantly from humans. This is especially true of centauroids and other exotic body types. It is also important to keep in mind that figures should be as exact as possible. A difference of "a couple of inches" is just over five centimeters and can mean an inaccuracy of several kilograms! If possible, height should be given to the nearest centimeter (or quarter inch), and mass or weight, if known, should be to the nearest half-kilogram (or pound). ☺





KREUTZMAN © 900620

CENTAUR
FOR A DAY







"BRIGANDS OF WISTERWOOD"

©1990 Roy D Pounds II

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BOOK BITES!

Anthropomorphic Book Reviews - By Taz

Thanks to one and all who enjoyed the Classic Animation parties at Baycon. I fear that I've created a monster, though, as it seems that I have invented the family con party. Not that it's necessarily an evil thing. Naturally, I'm glad to see interest in classic animation at all ages. But I did seem to acquire one sleeping child on my floor after one party. Such premiums are unexpected to say the least! By the way, Mom did collect - Thank You!

A sentiment often heard at the parties involved the cutting up of Warner Brothers cartoons to "make them less violent". All those I heard agreed that this was totally unnecessary. A point that is often overlooked is that these shorts were not made as kid vid, but as theatrical entertainment for the movie going audiences. TV station programming directors have taken to using these shorts as cheap filler. While they expose a new generation to these classics, the shorts were never produced with the small screen in mind to begin with. And as anyone can clearly see, all those years of exposure to uncut cartoons hasn't affected any of us in detrimental ways. Sure, we are a bit strange, but that probably still would be true even without that exposure.

So enough of that and on with this issue's review...

Last time, we looked at a book about the Warner Brothers Merrie Melodies and Looney Tunes. This time will look at the flip side with a look into the "Encyclopedia of Walt Disney's Animated Characters" by John Grant (Published by Harper and Row, 1987. Suggested price \$35.00). Disney had more characters than Warner Brothers because they weren't limited to shorts. With feature animation, there were always new characters being developed at Disney. And there was also the steady cast of regulars in the shorts to enjoy as well. The introduction to this book really sets the tone to explain why Disney characters were (and are) different from those of the other studios:

"Until a character becomes a personality it cannot be believed. Without personality, the character may do funny or interesting things, but unless people are able to identify themselves with the character, it's actions will seem unreal. And without personality, a story cannot ring true to the audience."

Those words of Walt Disney's describe why his studio has become the most successful animation company of all time. We think of these characters as real and this means



© Warner Bros.

that the Disney animators have succeeded in their efforts. This doesn't mean that Bugs Bunny or Tom & Jerry aren't good characters, but the Disney staff was able to bring it's characters to life in ways that were above those of the other studios. We see Disney characters as real personalities with real emotions in real life situations. The other studios didn't try to do all three of those things and that is the difference. A personal example comes from the Disney feature, "Lady and the Tramp". The scenes early on with Lady as a puppy draw from reality. Having been through the same situations in real life (my mom bred cocker spaniels for the dog show world), I laugh every time I see these scenes because I can identify with the real quality of the scenes. That's the Disney secret!

This book comes as close to being complete as any I've found about the Disney characters. It's broken down by short subjects and animated features. It's current up to 1985's "Wuzzles" and "Gummi Bears" for shorts and up to 1986's "The Great Mouse Detective" for features. The section on shorts is done by characters rather than by subject title and they are in chronological order. It begins with the "Newman Laugh-O-grams" which Walt produced for a local cinema in Kansas City in 1921. These lasted less than a minute. The first character listing is for Julius the Cat from the "Alice" series of shorts which featured a live action girl (Alice) interacting with the animation. Julius is a Felix look-alike and never appeared in anything other than the Alice shorts. The listing also includes a filmography listing known as well as possible appearances. Here's a typical entry for another character - Bootle Beetle.

BOOTLE BEETLE:

If they were small, and especially if they were insects, they inevitably became foes of Donald Duck. Bootle Beetle, who first appeared in the short Bootle Beetle (1947), carried on the great tradition. Voiced by Dink Trout, the little coleop-

teran got his name thanks to Jack Hannah, who directed the original short. Hannah's wife knew of a racehorse in Pomona called "Beetle Bootle", and so he merely switched the two names around.

Of the three shorts he made, the first, Bootle Beetle, is probably the best known. The elderly Bootle is telling the younger Ezra Beetle of the ills of running away and recalls the story of his own youth, which seems mainly to have been occupied chases between himself and Donald. Nowadays, although Bootle is an old man, so is Donald - and elderly Duck is still chasing him. He is still reminiscing in Sea Salts (1949), about the time he and Donald were shipwrecked. Of their surviving provisions Donald always seems to get the best ration but somehow this does not disrupt the friendship of the two.

His final outing was in the short The Greener Yard (1949). Yet again he is reminiscing to Ezra. Once upon a time, he tells the little beetle as the two of them survey Donald's yard over the fence, he took the risk of plundering that yard for food. However, all that happened was that he was chased by Donald and nearly lost his life. He tells the story so dramatically (with flashbacks to the real action) that young Ezra is content to stick with the meal he has in front of him rather than trying for the delights on the other side of the fence.

Bootle Beetle's career never got off the ground. Somehow he was not really enough of a personality to make it to the top - although, in contradiction to that, it should be pointed out that Buzz-Buzz who has virtually no personality except a venomous desire to use his sting, did much better for himself.

Filmography -
Bootle Beetle, August, 1947
Sea Salts, 1949
The Greener Yard, 1949

Ezra Beetle appeared only in Bootle Beetle and in The Greener Yard.

This entry is accompanied by two color views for both Bootle Beetle and Ezra Beetle. A more major character such as Goofy has a much larger entry but that's to be expected. Each entry gives all the information about the character and if known, a credit for the voice(s) which contributed to it.

The section on features is a bit more involved but again well done. Once more, it's arranged in chronological order but this time by title rather than by character. Beginning with Snow White (released December 21, 1937), it covers the features in order. Some of the entries may seem out of
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place here as you don't think of them as features, but they are listed here because that's how they were released. A good example is the World War II feature, Victory Through Air Power (1943). While it was a promotional film for increasing the war effort through increased reliance upon air power, it does contain animation. And it is all detailed in the entry. There are also entries for live action films which included animation.

Usually an entry is headlined by the title. Then the characters are listed, followed by the credits (which include the voices). After the credits, the release is given as well as the total running time. Then a section with notes on the movie and it's production is presented. After that, a synopsis of the story is told. After this comes the listing for the characters. Usually this is accompanied by views of the characters. Due to space considerations in YARF!, a full example of a feature would be too much. But here is a condensed version to give you a sample of the information that can be found:

Melody Time

Characters:

Little Toot section:

Little Toot, Big Toot

Voices/Musicians: The Andrews Sisters

Release Date: May 27, 1948

Running Time: 7.5 Minutes

Little Toot section

As the Andrews Sisters tunefully tell us,

Little Toot was just a tugboat,

A happy harbor tug.

He came from a line of tugboats fine and brave.

But it seems that Little Toot,

Simply didn't give a hoot:

Though he never tried to be good he never could behave.

In other words, like many another small Disney hero, Little Toot, a New York harbor tug, is the "naughty one". Indeed, he is an extremely mischievous little boat. We see him indulging in all sorts of minor misdemeanors before one day he goes too far, peppering the portholes of a liner with blasts of dense smoke. After this excursion he is lucky not to be caught by the prowling police boats, which are grim faced and blue.

Little Toot resolves in the future to be good and to help his father, Big Toot.

His first attempt ends in disaster; a vast liner ends up spinning uncontrollably to land in the streets of New York, surrounded by bent and shattered skyscrapers.

Little Toot is escorted out to sea - past the 12 mile

limit - by the police boats and left there to the mercy for whatever fate might have in store for him.

A storm blows up. As the sky thunders and the waves crash, a chorus of huge, red, shark-jawed buoys verbally chastises him: "Shame! Shame! Too bad! Too bad!"

Little Toot is such a reject that even the circling beam of a nearby lighthouse detours around him. This is bad enough, but then the storm really hits. The poor little tug is having difficulty staying afloat when a rocket flare lights up the sky; a liner is in distress out by the dreaded rocks. Little Toot promptly sends back an SOS to the New York tugs and they immediately set out on a rescue expedition, but he is by far the nearest to the liner and so it is really up to him.

Hooked up to the liner, he strains to pull it clear but to no avail...until a bolt of lightning hits his stern. The effect is electrifying in both senses of the word, and in no time Little Toot has saved the liner and the day. He returns to a hero's welcome, and at last - and for the first time - his father, Big Toot, has cause to be proud of him.

Stills of Little Toot do not do him justice; he is not

the flat, neutral character he appears to be in them. The drawing of him is simple, yet somehow it conveys the fact that he is essentially a naughty child - infuriating much of the time, but nevertheless very lovable. His father, Big Toot, comes across as a gritty workin' man, gruff and reserved yet with a heart of gold. Just how the Disney animators achieved such depth of characterization is impossible to tell; perhaps they did not know it themselves, but did it all by instinct.

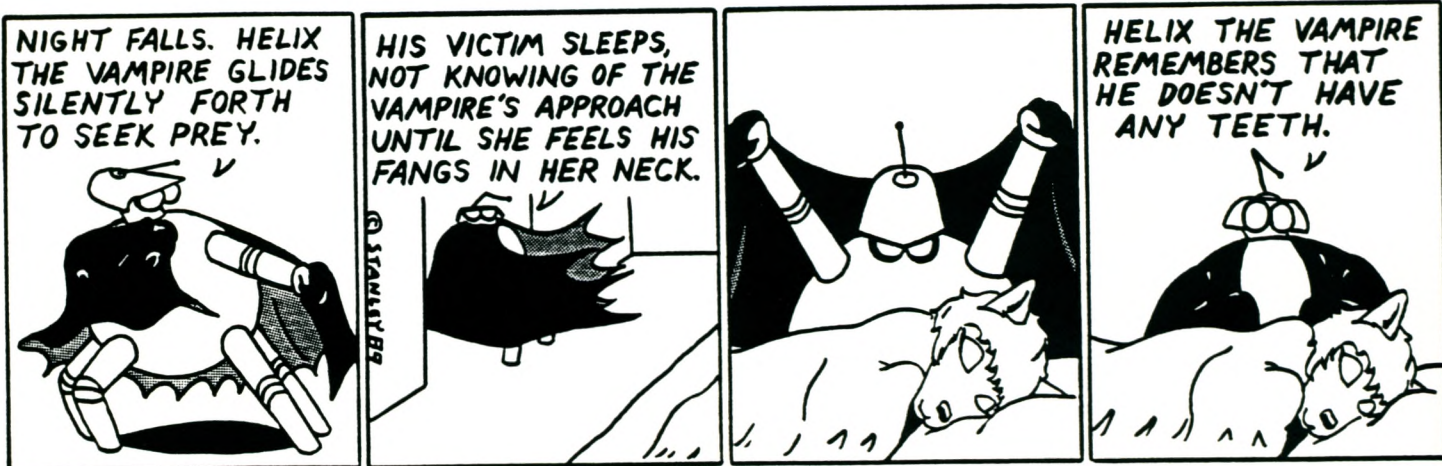
That last paragraph sums up again what makes Disney characters come to life and why we can feel that they are real and relate to them so well. That's the magic that character animation is best at and Disney does it best of all.

This book may take up a bit of space on the coffee table or a shelf, but it's worth the effort.. Again it's a valuable reference source and can provide inspiration as well as background. It may be hard to find in the stores, but if you look it might even be among the bargain tables. It's worth the effort.

Next Issue: We'll depart from things just a bit and look at a voice behind the character: Mel Blanc, through his autobiography - "That's Not All Folks!". So until next time - Buy Acme - A name you can trust! ☺



Freefall by Mark Stanley



Freefall by Mark Stanley

NIGHT. TIME FOR THE UNDEAD TO PROWL.



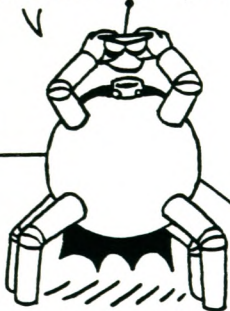
BEING A VAMPIRE, HELIX MUST DRAIN THE LIFE OF OTHERS IN ORDER TO SURVIVE.



FLORENCE, DO WE HAVE ANY MORE BATTERIES? ALL THESE SEEM TO BE DEAD.



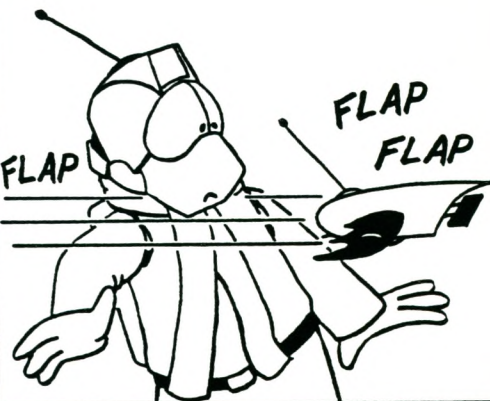
HELIX THE VAMPIRE USES ONE OF HIS MOST FEARSOME POWERS...



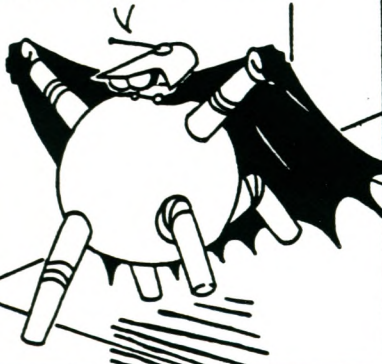
THE ABILITY TO TURN HIMSELF INTO A BAT!



FLAP FLAP FLAP FLAP



HELIX THE VAMPIRE, TERROR OF THE NIGHT!



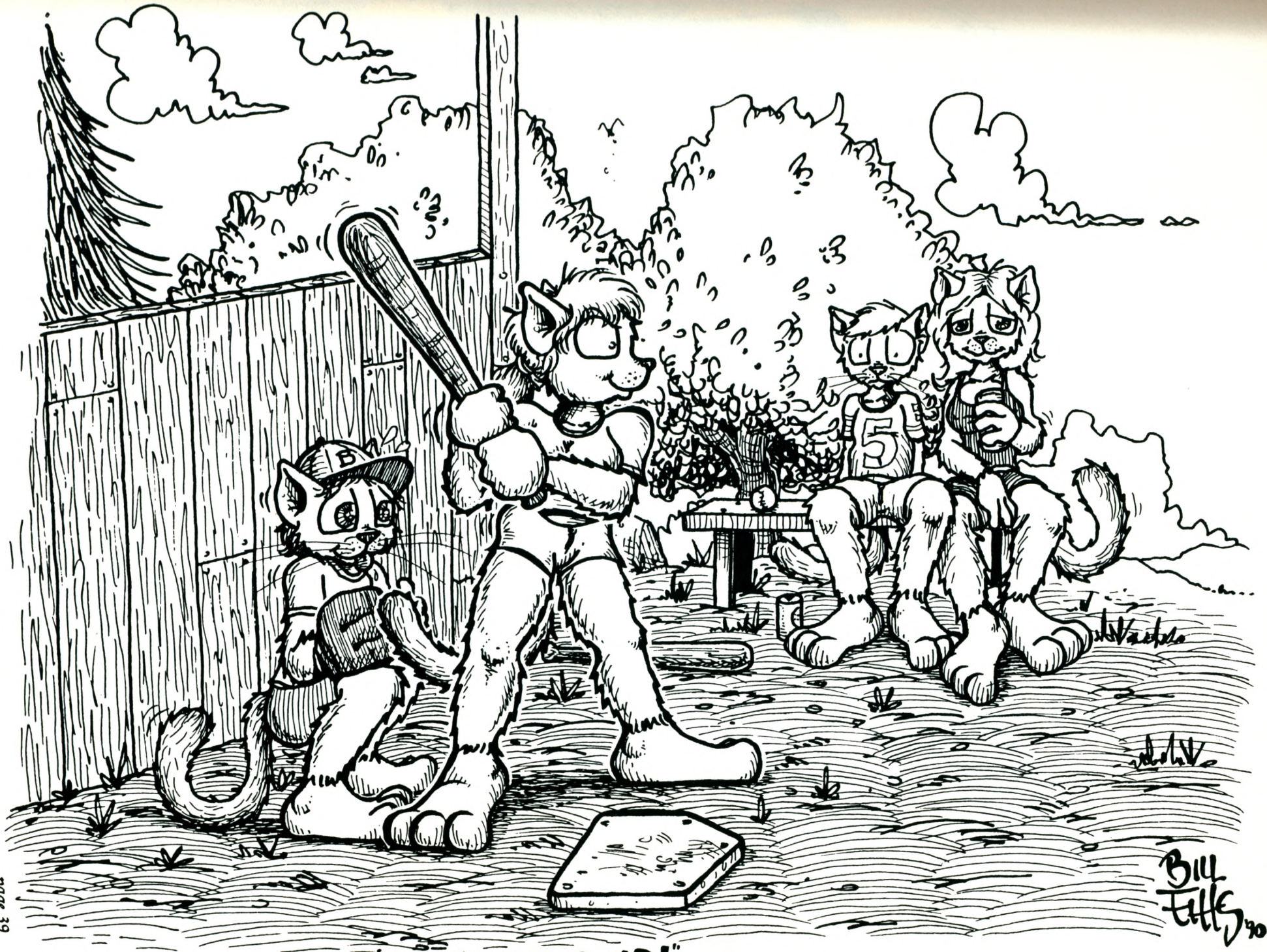
HELIX, IT'S TIME FOR YOUR WEEKLY CHECKS.



I BET REAL VAMPIRES NEVER HAVE TO BE TAKEN DOWN FOR MAINTENANCE.







"BATTER-UP!"

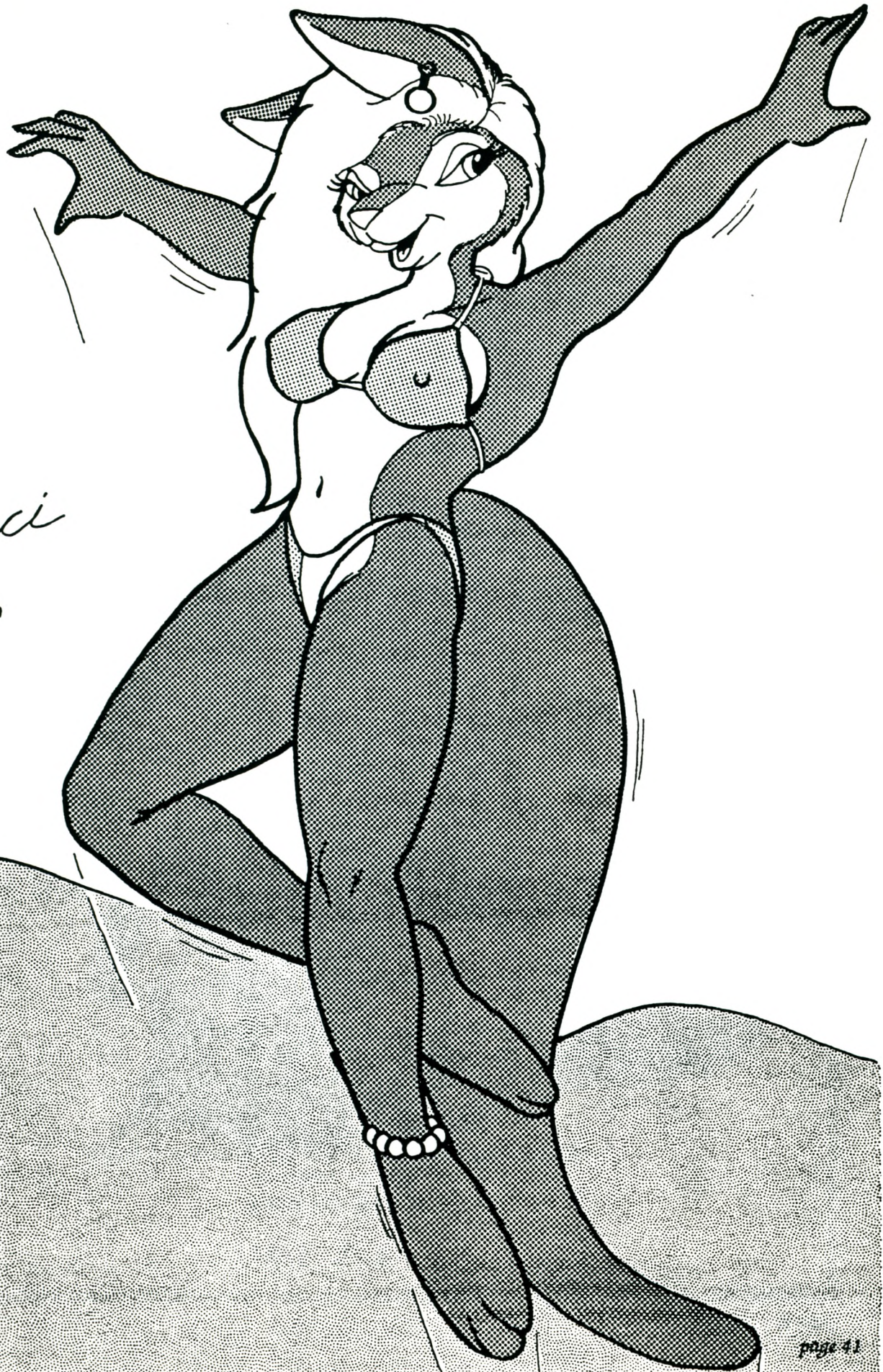
Bill Fells '90

Jet B. & Air Traffic Control



Clockwise L. to R.
Leslie Kattinorn
Leo Telson
Jet B.
Fani Urea

©  1990



Traci

© SA
12-22-87

I Have the Moon

Sometimes I'm so tired
Of being an adult -
Watching my language,
Watching my actions,
Not being me.

I have to dress like an adult,
Talk like an adult,
Behave like an adult.

I am not an adult.
I have never been an adult.
I have no desire to be an adult.
I'm a seven-year-old child
Who's about to turn thirty-five.

I want to go to FAO Schwartz
And play with all the toys.
I want to play cowboys and Indians.
I want to be an international spy.

Instead, I have to be an engineer.
I have to be a manager.
I have to be a professional.

But fortunately there is something I can do
When nobody's watching,
When nobody suspects.

I walk across the field
Through the trees
To the hilltop
(After dark, of course).

And then...
I howl at the moon.

I walk back down the hill
Advertising to the world
That I've been doing
Something.

Because it's hard to hide how I feel
Since I have
A tail to wag.

- K. C. 5/90



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In future issues we're aiming for...

- ⇒ More fiction with anthropomorphic characters
- ⇒ More artwork and illustrated stories
- ⇒ Animation, Book, and Convention reviews
- ⇒ Increased page count! (40-48 projected for #2)

Issue #1 still available
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Issue #2 expected out about mid-summer '90. Send \$4.00 to reserve your copy; indicate issue number (2 or 1 or both).

Submissions of high-quality artwork, prose, and poetry welcome. We're especially in need of spot-art. Letters of comment, information on upcoming events of interest to furlen, and write-ups of convention Furry Parties are also more than welcome. Send any information you think we might be vaguely interested in.

Art: send us 2 high-quality black-and-white copies (no originals, please), leaving a 1/2" margin on all sides if full-page (8.5x11"). Good art doesn't *have* to be furry, but it is preferred. We are also interested in environmental and technological themes.

Prose: type or print clearly. Optionally you may send submissions in ASCII text format on 5.25" MS-DOS, Kaypro II CP/M, or Z-System (Ampro/SB180/ON!) format diskette, or on 3.5" Macintosh diskette in ASCII, MacWrite, or WriteNow! format. Note filename on label along with disk format.

Advertising: write for details...

The Last Bits

Dispatches from the Electronic Front

Once again, we are publishing our listing of known furry-oriented computer bulletin boards. This time around, though, we'd like to add a few notes about something which has become a "mainstay" of these furry BBS's... storyboarding.



"Storyboarding" is best described as a combination of role-playing and fiction writing. Often referred to as a "continuing story", it has one major difference from the standard multi-author story (where one person writes a paragraph in the story, then another person writes the next paragraph, etc... it tends to get kind of crazy). This difference: each message is posted from the viewpoint of the participant's character.

A participant creates a character, much like in a standard role-playing game. Often this character will be the so-called "personal furry" of the participant (see the ConFurence 1 program guide for a treatise on what a "personal furry" is... ConFurence program guides are available from ConFurence, P.O. Box 1958, Garden Grove, CA 92642-1958), or an existing gaming character. From there, the fun begins.

A message area on the bulletin board will have been set aside for the storyboard, and the first few messages will usually be a description of the situation, and a few guidelines for the participants. Then, the story begins. Each posted message builds upon what the preceding messages have said, and in this manner a story is written. The rules tend to be simple enough... don't speak for another person's character, don't step on somebody else's fun, don't run a "super character" who will dominate the story, and stay within the story's bounds.

Rather than take up several pages with an example, a listing of existing storyboards (and the BBS's they are found on) follows:

Fur le Dance (The Tiger's Den) - the first ever furry storyboard. Has had several thousand messages; however, due to hardware changes, "back" messages are unavailable. The setting is a nightclub where the furry go to mingle.

The 7th RDK (The Polar Den) - military furry role-playing. Currently on haitus, this board has seen some of the best character-development writing in the furry genre.

The Past and Future Inn (The Fur Side) - an "anything goes" board. Monty Python meets furrydom.

Marina del Furry (Stormgate Aerie) - unknown to the writer at this time.

A Furry Tale (The Foxes' Den) - starting soon. Medieval rough-and-ready furry fantasy.

KNOWN FURRY COMPUTER BULLETIN BOARDS:

SYSTEM NAME	SYSTEM OPERATOR	PHONE	PC PURSUIT OUTDIAL	MAXIMUM BAUD RATE	NOTES
The Fur Side	Charlie Kellner	415-571-1486	CAPAL	2,400	
Rowrbrazzle BBS	Dwight Dutton	714-842-1263	CASAN	9,600 (HST)	2 lines
The Tiger's Den	Shayn Raney	714-530-2554	CASAN	2,400	
Kyim's Scratching Post	Kyim Granger	415-452-0350	CAOAK	9,600 (V.42)	
The Polar Den	Darrel Exline	214-361-8992	TXDAL	2,400	
The Otter's Holt	Jerry Case	714-986-1525	n/a	2,400	
Stormgate Aerie	Nicolai Shapero	213-822-6729	CALAN	9,600 (HST)	
The Foxes' Den	Lance Rund	408-736-4764	CASJO	19,200 (PEP), 9,600 (HST, V.32)	Official YARF! BBS. 4 lines.



mrowr...

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